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CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

JULY, 1938

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1938

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DAVID A. SMART

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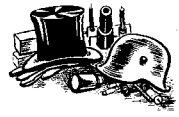
NATIONS FOR SALE

THE PRICE RISES AS MIDDLE EUROPE BLINDLY TEETERS BETWEEN THE TWO BLOCS OF POWERS



"To be Rumanian is not a nationality. Rumania is a profession." Prince Bismarck spoke these words long ago. The founder of the German Reich—this great genius of German history whom Mr. Hitler likes to mention as among his "predecessors"—pronounced a prophecy. Bismarck sensed long ago the phenomenon of today: the Nation for Sale, of which Rumania is only an example. At least a half-dozen of these nations constitute the third front in the alignment of European power.

Between the two great blocs of Democracies and Dictatorships, there stands that group superficially called "Semi-Fascist." This terminology, however, is misleading. It is neither an ideology nor the symptoms of a regime which determines the attitude of these nations, but their willingness to deliver friendship and alliance for ready cash. You can get them wholesale; but not too cheap. For the higher the war fever mounts in Europe, the higher mounts the alliance price of the small nations.

Of course, this third front has been possible only since these small powers have been able to threaten co-operation with Hitler. By now they have advanced to highly valued business partners. Mussolini led the way. The promotion of Italy from a European power of second rank to a factor in world politics—a factor which can oppose even the British Empire unpunished—is attributable not so much to the genius and strength of Mussolini at the poker table of Nations, but to the existence of that Germany which Fascist international policy uses as its rear guard. Without Hitler in Berlin, Mussolini would have no Viceroy in Addis Ababa and no agents in Burgos and Bilbao.

Mussolini is relentlessly pursuing the politics of a Nation for Sale. As a matter of fact it is he who invented the idea as far as the post-war period is concerned. He seems, however, to have carried it a little too far. For in London there is a strong feeling that the real danger is not in the greater continental power of Germany, but in the threatening of the Life Line of Empire by Italian conquests. This reflects the attitude of the Dominions. Yet it is fairly safe to pre-

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dict that when the next hand-to-hand combat comes, Germany will be the chief enemy. For the Third Reich has the very special talent of turning the entire world against itself.

In war, ideologies are completely obscured by opportunism, and in this lies Mussolini's only chance to avoid being a victim of Germany's inevitable collapse. Those states which constitute the third front have no such handicap. The absolutism of the governing cliques will not hinder these states from joining a new crusade for democracy if it seems more profitable. That goes particularly for Poland, the biggest and most important nation of the third front. The geographical position of Poland between Nazism and Bolshevism is particularly difficult. Her internal situation is also uncommonly complicated. Of the thirty million inhabitants of the country, not quite half are of Polish nationality while the rest belong to various minorities: chiefly undeveloped Slavic tribes such as Ukranians, White Russians, Letts. It has been much easier to divest these groups of all political rights than to make Poles of them.

The economic situation of Poland is also extraordinarily bleak, large territories being the poorest of the poverty stricken areas of Europe. The petty bourgeoisie of the cities, in which the Jewish element is particularly strong, live far beneath proletarian standards. The peasants never see money. In hundreds of villages match sticks and salt are unattainable luxuries. Probably only the traditional Chinese hunger areas are worse off.

The revival of Poland at Versailles, and more particularly its territorial expansion far beyond the real borders of its national unity, can be traced chiefly to the French desire to have a gendarme at Germany's back. An ill-fed gendarme easily becomes a soldier of fortune. Poland has gone through this process. It is naïve to brand Warsaw's policies as traitorous to democracy. Western democracy indeed gave birth to Poland again, but has missed raising and feeding it. But you can't blame them. For the task of indefinitely supporting a nation of thirty million people was a luxury post-war France simply could not afford.

Poland's geographical position between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia is a perilous one. It is not without reason that Warsaw is afraid that either of its powerful neighbors might take a large area of its territory. Consequently, the Poles play the powers on their left and right respectively against each other. Thus viewed, Poland's participation in the third front has been predetermined by nature.

Poland realizes that a victorious Third Reich would hesitate not a second to recover the once German territories, probably even annex Polish territory for the German "Volk Ohne Raum." In Germany they are too sly not to know that Polish relations with France have suffered changes of temperature but have never been severed. The military alliance between the

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general staffs in Paris and Warsaw continues officially. Even though for a while this appeared to exist chiefly on paper, recently French officers have arrived to become instructors of Polish peasant lads.

For characteristic of the "Nations for Sale" is that they haven't much else than the brawn of their sons to sell. In the years of depression their harvests were left to rot in the granaries. Thus, paradoxically, these agricultural countries have famine. But there is a rapidly mounting demand for cannon fodder. Just as the small German princes once sold their subjects to the British crown for use in the American Revolution, just so today

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governments and general staffs of the "Nations for Sale" make military treaties.

The drummers of German foreign politics who swarm over the south and east of Europe like locusts try for better deals, however. They endeavor to unload antiquated war materials on the Balkan States for raw materials and foodstuffs. These tactics which Secretary of State Cordell Hull characterized as "a relapse into the methods of a barbaric past" worked in Bulgaria and Jugoslavia, failed in Greece, and are still being debated in Rumania and Hungary.

Hungary, too, belongs to the countries which stand between the two European blocs. Although they are much more inclined toward Fascism since the death of Premier Goemboes, they have been carefully striving to guard their national independence against the penetration of National Socialism. One cannot add this kingdom without a king to the roster of the "Nations for Sale." Their high traditions and unified political goal, namely the desire to recover those Magyar territories cut off in the Treaty of Trianon, do not permit opportunistic swaying. As small as Hungary's territory has become, so clearly does it pursue a single purpose. It is intimate with Italy and at the same time loudly friendly with Germany, but it will not permit itself to be degraded to a vassal state. Despite all the gypsy romanticism, the Hungarians are also very accurate mathematicians. They refuse to sell their produce for illusory paper mark credits or in exchange for those old German fighting planes and discarded tanks which gave General Franco so little pleasure during months of hard fighting.

Rumania has the same objection. Repeatedly futile attempts have been made to add Bucharest to the Fascist front. King Carol himself rejected them. But this royal merchant has probably not yet said his last word.

Rumania offers the classic example of a country that stands between the fronts of the great powers. Its treaty obligations to the Little Entente and its membership in the League of Nations can lose every bit of their significance overnight. On the other hand, neither the German nor the Italian attempts at interference have succeeded as yet, because neither of the two Fascist great powers has the cash to pay for oil which is the chief product of the land.

Bulgaria, the neighboring kingdom, has already made its decision. In Sofia, too, the personal absolutism of Czar Boris reigns. While Carol of Rumania, who is a Hohenzollern, has become completely Balkanized, Boris of Bulgaria, a Coburg prince, has remained completely faithful to his traditions. He prefers to talk German and maintains close contact with his father, the ex-Czar Ferdinand who after his forced abdication retired to the little town of Coburg, the family's ancestral seat in Bavaria. The town is

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a stronghold of National Socialism and the old gentleman seems to get along very well with Hitler. The ancestry and attitude of the absolute monarch determines the policy of Bulgaria.

Finally, one must consider the fact that the anti-war spirit which in the Western World so contributes to the horror of all forms of Fascism, is completely unknown to the Bulgarians. They are probably the bravest and certainly the wildest soldiers in the world. The use of bombs and bayonets belongs to their everyday life. They have a natural understanding of Hitler and Mussolini.

The kingdom of Jugoslavia is now learning what a connection with Berlin means. The Third Reich increased the volume of business between the two countries to such an extent that Germany today is by far the first in Jugoslavian foreign trade. It is only natural that such economic dependence should result in political consequences as well.

Whoever meets Premier Stojadinowitsch, thinks he has entered the wrong door. For the man is Hitler. He wears the same, world-famous short, bushy mustache, the same brown hair with the lock hanging over his forehead. There is the same uneasy glance of dark eyes. But soon one realizes that the Jugoslav Premier is a younger man and better groomed than Der Fuehrer. The approach to the Berlin-Rome axis is nothing but opportunism. There are certainly no ideological objections to Fascism in a land where for years the police has ruled. Jugoslavia sells its merchandise to Berlin, and with the merchandise undoubtedly a piece of its freedom.

It is the basic principle of all "Nations for Sale" that their obligations are only conditional. Those of us who know how hard it is for every one of them down there to earn his daily bread, how bitterly every regime must fight for its existence and every state for its independence, will be milder in our judgment of them. Single phenomena, such as that of the Greek government which curtly made it known that the courting trips of National Socialist ministers are useless and therefore might better be dispensed with, deserve respect. But obviously respect for intelligence rather than for principles. The Greeks were always the best traders in the world. Therefore they know which partnership leads to success and which to bankruptcy.

Can it be that the other nations for sale, Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Jugoslavia do not know? Can it be that the some seventy million people constituting this bloc stagger blindly between the two groups of Continental powers? When things become serious and it comes to a showdown they will all stand on the side that really has something to offer. But until then they close their eyes tightly. For it is easier to live in the darkness that is the Europe of today with eyes tightly shut.—René Kraus

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FERARGIL GALLERIES, NEW YORK

ETCHING BY WILL DYSON

"But John, why despair? Our tailors still lead the world."

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MOURNING FOR ONE

THE TRAPPINGS OF GRIEF ARE NOT FOR THE WORLD BUT FOR THE PERSON WHO IS BEREAVED

I ADMIT it was a full minute before I recognized him. Was it really William Servan? In every detail he resembled the William Servan whom I knew—and that was precisely what made me doubt that it was he. He had—imagine it—a stunning light grey lounging suit, delicately woven with a light red check; a necktie of the same red, cut from soft silk and beautifully tied; an almost white felt hat, the band of which had been cleverly chosen to match the suit; socks in which the grey and red were to be found again in slightly less vigorous shades; gloves and shoes adding a fawn-colored note to the ensemble; a handkerchief carefully protruding from the breast pocket—in short, a silhouette of perfect elegance. And certainly William Servan ordinarily was elegant.

I should add that it was the beginning of summer, that these pearl greys and lively reds consequently were entirely in season. Why, then, you ask, was I surprised? For a single reason, but one which was extremely important: It was that William Servan had buried his wife three days earlier, and he adored his wife! . . . Then what was the meaning of this light-colored raiment?

I was so agitated that I did not dare approach him. In a second, I had conjured up several dramas: grief had driven him crazy . . . or perhaps he had discovered that she did not deserve to be loved . . . or perhaps. . . . But he had spied me and was coming toward me.

"Ah," he said with a poor, tired smile. "I see that you do not understand either. I am going to have to explain to you. It is funny, this seems to me so simple, so natural. . . . No, my good friend, I am entirely in my right mind. I adored my wife. The loss of her fills me with profound grief, I swear. I am, please believe, a perfectly wretched widower. However, I am not in mourning. Purposely. I did not want to be.

"Why? Because I find a man in mourning, a woman in mourning, something frightful and sinister. The weather is beautiful, the sun shines, you go for a walk, you admire a radiant countryside, you are happy just to be alive—there passes before

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you a woman completely enveloped in black veils; your smile fades, your cheerfulness is dimmed. Or a man wearing a black hat, a black suit, a black tie sits beside you in a café when you are peacefully taking an apéritif. Or you meet a little child whose clothes proclaim him an orphan.

"Well, now, I ask you, is it the fault of others that unhappiness has descended on me? Because I have lost someone dear to me, by what right do I go forth to sadden people who do not even know me, spoil their present joys (as if they ever had too many joys!), brutally remind them that unhappiness exists if they are, by some miracle, enjoying one of those moments when they are not thinking of it?

"I consider that monstrous. One ought to keep his grief to himself. Everyone, in the course of his life, has relatives who die—it is not, alas, a distinction for anyone! Then why claim the outward marks of pity? Our neighbor has a perfect right to see his indifference respected.

"Do not misunderstand me! I do not say that it is not necessary to wear mourning. On the contrary! It is necessary to wear it truly, justly. This punishment—because mourning is always a punishment, a punishment which one inflicts on oneself with all one's heart when one loves someone who is dead (one punishes himself for being the survivor), a punishment which otherwise one accepts because of social conventions—this punishment one must not in any case inflict on others—only pitilessly on oneself. Thus, everyone in mourning must—and this is the only way to be in mourning—wear dark glasses.

"And that is what I have done. Look, dear friend, I have lost my wife; I am dressed in light clothes. The sight of me, I am sure, will not darken a single face, will not extinguish a single smile. But as for me, with these black glasses on my nose, the most beautiful countryside in the world cannot charm me, even if I should wish it. For a man in mourning, there must no longer be a sun, the sky must no longer be blue. It is thus with my dark glasses. Everything appears dark to me, uniformly depressing.

"Believe me, my dear friend, when one has lost someone, it is on his eyes that he should wear crepe."

He developed this idea somewhat further and then left me. I watched him walking away, a little bent by grief and gayly dressed. And I remember with confusion that I had not thought to present my condolences on the death of his wife.

I saw him again a year later. He was in a restaurant and he had a young woman at his side. . . . Yes! Nevertheless, he still had the somber glasses on his nose. . . . However, as I drew nearer to him I saw that the glass of his spectacles was no longer black, but blue.

Lo! he was in half-mourning.

—André Birabeau

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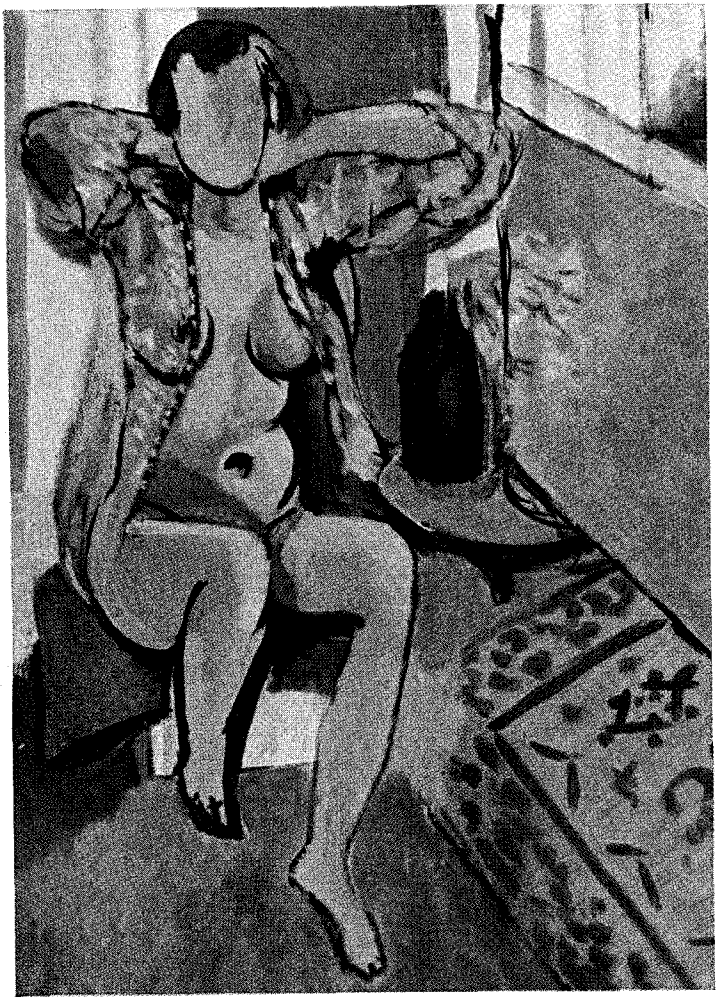

PETIT PALAIS, PARIS

FOUR PAINTINGS BY MATISSE

At sixty-eight the acknowledged master of the contemporary French school, Henri Matisse was once the revolutionary leader of *les fauves*, or "wild men." The paintings reproduced here, however, belong to a mellower period. *Nude with Spanish Rug*, above, was painted in 1920.

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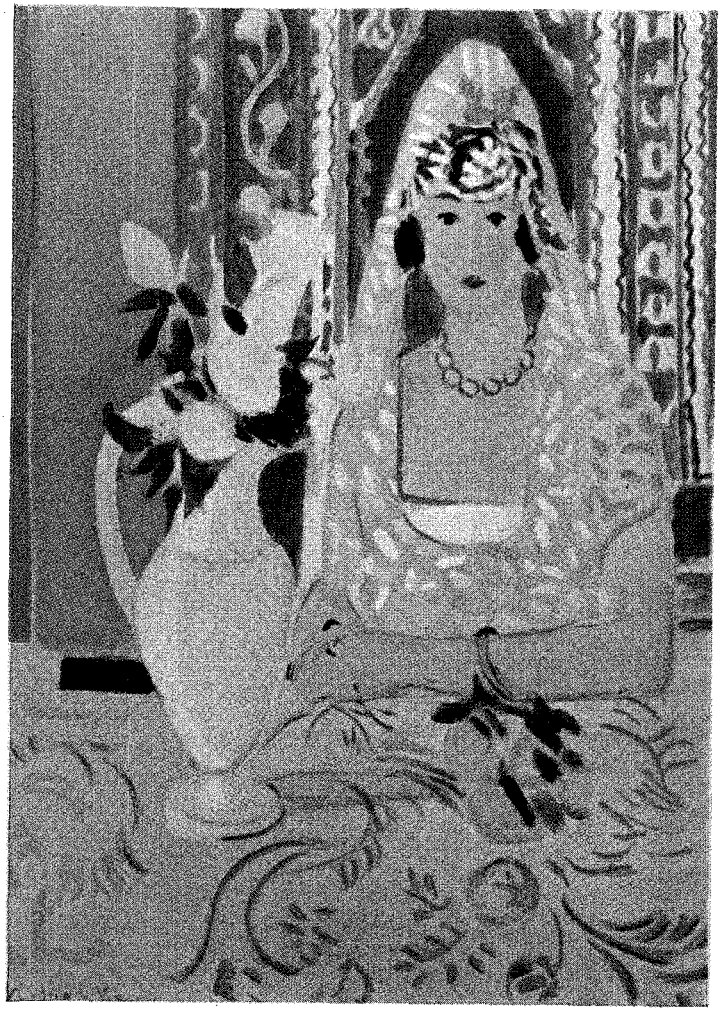

COLL. JOSSE BERNHEIM

SPANISH WOMAN WITH WHITE MANTILLA

Like all painters worthy of the name, Matisse does not illustrate an object: he recreates it. But in capturing the object's essence with a few logical strokes, it is Matisse's paradoxical genius to universalize it and yet bring it into more direct relationship to the observer.

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MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

GIRL IN GREEN

There is an almost deliberate awkwardness about the paintings of Matisse, and his subjects are frankly distorted. Yet no one but a reactionary would say that the distortion is not successful, that it does not heighten the sheer expressiveness of the varied forms.

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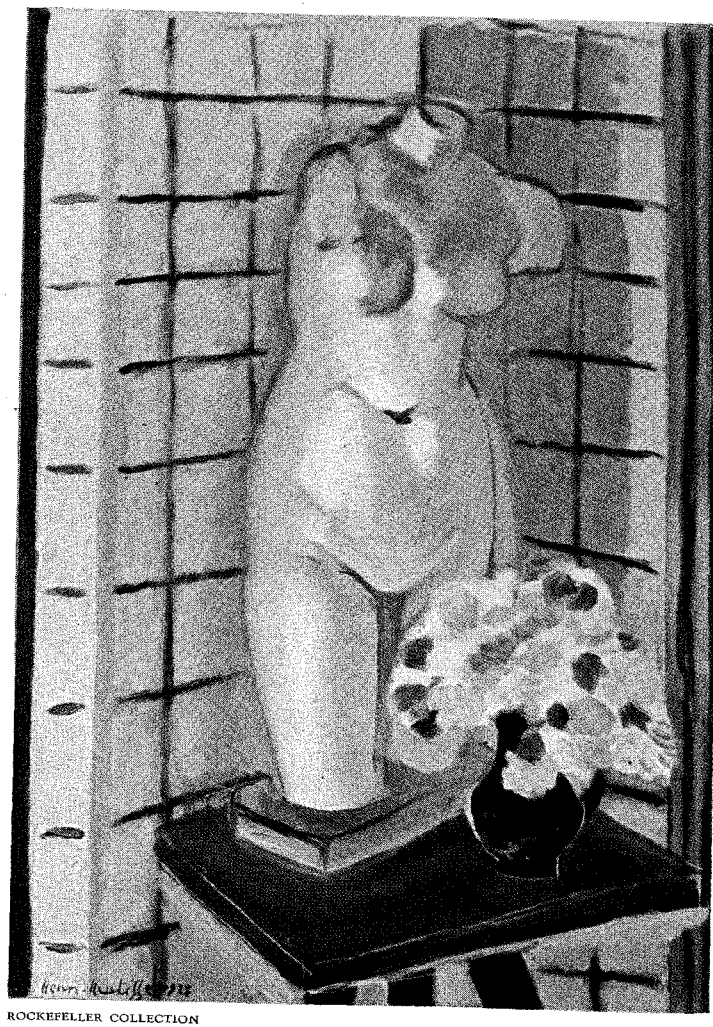

ROCKEFELLER COLLECTION

STILL LIFE WITH PLASTER FIGURE

Incompatible though it may seem with his other traits, Matisse is nevertheless outstanding as a decorator, and in fact has been widely heralded as the greatest modern decorative painter. Color, line and texture blend in his canvases into patterns of majestic simplicity.

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IF YOU WERE MY GIRL

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS MUST BE EXPLORED BEFORE IT CAN BE TRAVELED WITH ASSURANCE

I WOULD like my girl to have as many advantages as my boy. In fact I would like her to have all the advantages given a boy and then some extra ones so that the customary chains that hang upon the average woman would hang very lightly on my girl's wrists and not cut too heavily into her flesh.

Marriage, a new home and motherhood are events that every girl may expect. These often are heavy chains to bear and I would like my girl to know how they could be made to hang as lightly as the tinkling silver bracelets of a Javanese dancer. One should always prefer the dancer to the drudge.

And, without escaping the natural duties of wife and mother, I am convinced that much of the drudgery of womanhood is degrading and quite unnecessary. And I am also certain much unhappiness is due to a want of understanding and lack of flexibility. In the home happiness is a duty. Radiance of spirit may be one of the great natural gifts from heaven but this spirit can be prompted and encouraged until it becomes part of one's nature. These are some of the things I would like to talk about with my girl.

Also we would look about among our friends and we would discover that the self-centered and selfish women are not only unhappy but they breed an evil force that makes all about them also unhappy. We would compare the traits and manners of the happy souls in our midst with the unhappy ones. We would try to estimate how much is due to education, environment, selfishness of nature, how much can be controlled and what are the hidden forces beyond human reach. We would probably come to a definite conclusion that much of life can be altered and much of the bad can be turned into good. And happiness is a kind of social diet.

And after exploring happiness and some of the things that march hand in hand with happiness we would also want to explore the desires of youth. I would want to explore the things that my girl is thinking about. She is no doubt thinking about a career. And at the same time she is thinking about romance, a husband, a home,

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children and many other things.

There are careers for women today that seem most attractive. The great fear of household drudgery is one of the things that force girls to think about a profession. And many girls, besides having a congenial employment, would enjoy the independence and economic freedom.

Yes, I think I would like my girl to have as much freedom and independence as possible for many girls often marry quite worthless youths, and to be tied to a sorry human specimen is indeed very hard. But against this kind of unhappiness the only insurance I can think of is independence.

Independence of spirit is one kind of independence but it is greatly strengthened by economic independence. A small income would help any young woman, and if I am not able to provide one for my girl I would want to cast about to see what special training we could get that would lead to this kind of freedom. The kind that would make her independent from any snipe of a husband she may happen to take to her heart.

I would like my girl to have some kind of a task she could do easily and in a field that was not too overcrowded so that in case an emergency arose she could make a modest and steady livelihood. In this thing I think, unless talent is overflowing, the crafts are better than the arts. Design is better than painting; editing, proofreading and translating all better than novel writing; dressmaking, weaving and teaching all better than an operatic career. By better, I mean easier to achieve, more immediate and more lasting. One is a pattern for glory but I seek a way for bread and butter. And when you are forced to save yourself, Robinson Crusoe would advise a small boat, one that you can row yourself.

Gauthier, the famous author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, once cast about for some such congenial occupation for his daughter so that she might be independent if the need arose. As she was deeply interested in Oriental life and history and as she also had a talent for languages, he persuaded her to study Chinese. At that time there were very few occidentals—and there are not many more today—who are able to read Chinese. Mlle Gauthier made some of our very first translations from Chinese poetry and all her life, at almost any moment she desired, she could pick up her pen and translate from the Chinese classics or from current journals. A ready market stood waiting for her work and all her life she had this backlog to support her independence.

And so if you were my girl I would want you to have such a backlog as this; something that cannot be lost or stolen, something that is part of you, a work that is not grinding but one that has spirit and to your nature would be congenial. I would want it to be something that is not too com-

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mercial or in a field overcrowded. The lucrative employments of today are often the unprofitable jobs of tomorrow. It would be one of our tasks to cast about and see what the world is like and try some of the different occupations in this vast and rapidly changing human workshop.

The career is one thing that we must study but also we must think of many other things. And it would be best to get into our old country clothes and take our old car out of the barn for a long jaunt over our country. In this vast land there are many things for girls to see and learn.

First of all we would see how people live in the country and how they live in the cities. We would compare the life of a woman on the farm with life in a city apartment. We would see the work they do and how they play. Humanity reveals itself through its amusements. And one of the things we would notice is the vast difference between relaxation in the North and relaxation in the South and how different the homes and how different are the minds and ideals of the woman.

And all the time while we were traveling about making these intimate domestic notes we would be casting about for that job that would be unique and satisfying. At the same time we would look into as many homes as we possibly could and try to figure out how the long domestic chains can be shrunk into a pair of jingling bracelets.

Drudgery and heavy duty are things that we can reduce at once. We would learn the home machinery and how best to use it. We would learn about air and light and sunshine, and all the other things that are part of a home. We would visit homes that are modern, convenient and planned with intelligence and we would compare these to the stupid designs that are so numerous all over our land. We would see which houses were built without regard for the woman and which have considered her as a human being. We would find out what seems to make an interior give out cheer and what line or color is depressing. And we would learn why some places reflect a happy life and others look like an authentic setting for crime.

And then we should jaunt out West and see how different is the life of woman there. We could then make comparisons between different sections of the land. Not alone comparisons of home life and domestic matters but also we should have a glance at romance, for it is natural for girls to be concerned with romance.

We know what the conventions are in the East and how girls get to meet boys. We would want to see how the girls in the West get to meet young men and what kind of fellows attract them and how they shoo away those they do not like.

Yes, romance is an important thing in life and it takes on many forms, some as colorful as the dress of our cowboys and some quite sordid.

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My girl and I would look at the magazine stands in the different towns through which we passed just to see what the people of each section are reading. Some we would find quite varied and some stalls, alas, would be stacked high with America's cheapest and lowest printed pulp. And we would conclude that some romance in certain parts of the land is very cheap.

And while we were comparing romance, love and friendship as we found it in different parts of our land, we would also glance for a moment at some of the other things that sustain life. Food is one of the things that we would like to investigate. We would look into the marketing and distribution and storage of food. We would visit the kitchens of small homes and large homes, of farm houses, ranch houses and apartments to learn what we can.

We would also visit playgrounds and nurseries. We would try to compare the schools of the various states through which we traveled and find out which were progressive and which were backward. If my girl had any children she would not want to bring them up in an ignorant and stupid community. This would be too great a handicap for her to overcome single handed.

The world is very full of so many things that it would be impossible to see everything. But a spirit of curiosity is something that I would like to encourage in my girl. And curiosity would lead to investigation. I would like my girl to be curious about hygiene and health so that we could look about and see how these things influence the welfare of the community.

My girl and I would ride through the roads of our land, keeping to the feminine side. We want to see the American woman and try to measure her capacity for work, play and happiness. I would want my girl to learn how her own abilities could be harnessed so that her future may be rich and full. —MANUEL KOMROFF

"WITH THIS RING . . ."

THIRTY years ago "wedding ring" meant a heavy band of yellow gold, entirely plain. Five years ago the same words described a slender circlet of white gold or platinum, ornamented with diamonds or elaborate engraving. This year's brides will wear slightly wider rings.

"High fashion" has discovered wedding rings in recent years, and is making its influence felt more and more, the result being that style changes that were once a matter of a generation or more are now encompassed in a few years. But there is no cause for alarm as long as no woman, hypersensitive to fashion, sues for divorce on the grounds of cruelty, alleging that her husband made her look ridiculous by forcing her to wear her last-year's wedding ring.

—DAVID C. LEVINE

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NIGHTMARE

"THINGS NEVER LOOKED BETTER," THE SPEAKER PROCLAIMED—BUT HE, TOO, WAS ONLY FANTASY

MR. TUMMIL'S head tossed on the pillow restlessly. Agh!! Counting sheep did no good. Try something else, Joe. Fix your eye on a spot on the wall and concentrate. Yeh! How can you concentrate when your mind is whirling like a hub? That's it—that's what it's like, a whirling hub in the center of a merry-go-round, ridden by a million specters.

—and the Merry-go-Round broke down

—and the Merry-go-Round broke down

—and the Merry . . .

Ah forget it. Forget the specters. Leave 'em in the office. Try again, now. Where's that spot? Fix—on a spot. That's what it said in the paper. Paper. What was that headline again? Headlines! Strike still unsettled! There you go again, Joe. Forget strikes. Hop in the car. Get away. Take the family off on a trip. Car. Tires. About worn through. That's what the man said. Worn down to the tread, Mr. Tummil . . . Gee, pop, I can get a swell buy on an old Model T jallop for fifty bucks . . . Market off one to five points again yesterday . . . But darling, she's my aunt. We can't let them be put out on the street . . . For professional services . . . $30.

Hey, come on there fellow. That's no way to fall asleep. Professional ser—nertz with doctor bills. Get some sleep or you'll be seeing some real doctor bills. Bills . . . But my dear, that thirty days grace on your policy will be up *this* Thursday . . . And smokeless factory chimneys, my friends, continue to dot the land . . . Cheaper to put in a new roof, Mr. Tummil . . . Dear Sir: No doubt this failure to pay was merely an oversight on your part—

Oop! There it goes again. That sudden jump. Like when you dream you fall in your sleep. Must be nerves.

Cut it out, Tummil. Stop it, before it gets you. What good are you if you snap? Take it easy. Now slowly—close your eyes. No, not tight. Gently, easily. Relax. That's better. Ah, strange how you tire yourself out fighting sleeplessness. It defeats itself. And then you drift—off—ah—ahh . . .

And sometimes you dream.

Sometimes, in a dream, Mr. Tummil would find himself in the center of a great crowded pavilion, winning a

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Big Apple dance contest, a familiar master of every intricate step and twist; although in his waking hours, he never shuffled a foot. Mahatma Gandhi would be his dancing partner, and thousands of mermaids were cheering from the vast surrounding sea.

Tonight he dreamed that he sat sprawled on a grassy bank, his back resting against the shrubs at the base of a huge boulder. His eye wandered peacefully up over the surrounding pine clad mountains, to the rampart of snow peaks outlined high against the clouds above. He contemplated the brightly tinted streaks in the mountain masses about him.

"Here," remarked Mr. Tummil, with accuracy born of instinctive knowledge, "here we have sediments of some prehistoric sea, deposited ages ago, when the valley below was an ocean bed."

Curious, but in his waking hours Mr. Tummil couldn't tell a prehistoric sediment from a tarantula's leg.

He followed the streaks down the timbered slopes till they were lost in the carpet of clouds floating over the distant valley. In its rock formations he seemed to see, through the soft filter of the clouds, magically colored cities of castles, towers, and pagodas.

"Carved by the timeless rivers," mused Mr. Tummil in a flight of imagery that his wakeful being never knew, "carved through the centuries by nameless rivers, as they wound their way to the sea."

Delicately colored grasses and flowers moved far below in the fragrant breeze. A chipmunk scampered across the slope. Mr. Tummil looked up. Then he heard voices, coming from back of the large rock against which he lay. He listened vaguely. One voice rose strong and clear.

"And I say again, my friends, despite the clouds of doubt hanging ominously over us—despite the broodings and misgivings, I say, that never before in all history, have things ahead ever looked brighter for us."

"Chamber of Commerce," thought Mr. Tummil. "That's right. Wednesday noon."

"What," boomed the speaker. "What of a few minor recessions? What of a few set-backs? I tell you that with the personality of real leaders, with new and improved methods, science is opening the door to hitherto unknown fields of abundance—to such a golden era of plenty as we have never before known."

From the listeners rose shouts.

"You said it, old boy!"

"Right with you on that every time!"

"*That's* the kind of talk we need!"

"Amazing," shouted Mr. Tummil impulsively, amid the roar of applause. "By cracky, I want to thank you! I don't know your name, sir, but mine's Tummil. You've done a lot for me—much more than you can possibly imagine. I want to shake you by the hand. I want to thank—"

Mr. Tummil dashed forward, hand extended, but stopped short, as he again caught sight of the valley. The

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soft clouds above it had vanished. He stared down upon what had before seemed to be different colored grasses and flowers. They were no longer growing things, they were huge masses of soldiers, in varicolored uniforms, marching up and down, drilling.

Children with gas masks on were parading in and out of what had been the domed towers and castles. These were now cities, and homes and churches were being piled high with sandbags. In large white letters Mr. Tummil saw men on rooftops, painting the words HOSPITAL—DON'T BOMB. The hum of noonday gave way to the sinister drone of war planes zooming aloft. Where before brightly scaled fishes had darted about, close to crystal surfaces, submarines now churned in silent menace through the seas. And on the distant shores, Mr. Tummil saw the signs—flashes, puffs of smoke, the reek of torn decaying flesh rising up from field and byway, and the wreck and havoc of once peaceful farms and cities.

Dumbly, he turned toward the voices, back of the rock, and from where they had issued, he saw, lining the long shelf of the ledge, with eyes agleam as the chant—"For those blessings which we are about to receive, we now give thanks"—died in the drool from their rapacious beaks, a huge towering mass of brooding black vultures.

Mr. Tummil woke up.—MILT GROSS

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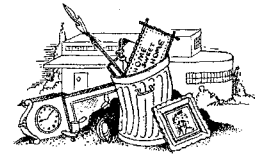
A PICTURE OF UNCLE JOE

A HOUSE SHOULD BE A MACHINE FOR LIVING IN, BUT NOT EVERYONE IS MECHANICALLY INCLINED



IF YOU will let us have just one little picture of Uncle Joe in the living room," begged Ellie, "we won't say another thing about giving away the cuckoo clock or throwing out all our rocking chairs."

"I don't make bargains," answered Mr. Van Rawle, apostle of the modern life, "nor do I understand why you want to deface the fine, free, flowing blank spaces of my beautiful white walls with a drab picture of your uncle."

"Well," answered Ellie aggressively, "for one thing my Uncle Joe is no defacement."

"I'm not criticizing your uncle's appearance," said Mr. Van Rawle, "but you must understand that I am not used to working with clients who have relatives. Relatives simply do not fit into the décors moderne."

"How fascinating," chirped Ellie, "you mean you have special people made up in a laboratory just to live in your houses—like Frankenstein's Bride, for instance?"

Mr. Van Rawle was pained at this trivial departure, but he was patient. "I merely meant to indicate that the old middle-class custom of plastering the walls of your house with photographs of your nearest of kin does not fit in with our modern conceptions of functional design."

"But we only want a little tiny picture of Uncle Joe," Ellie came back, "and you could paint the frame white just like the walls so that you could hardly see him."

Somehow this seemed to touch Mr. Van Rawle, but not as Ellie had anticipated. "Possibly your uncle could be utilized as a photomural? Has he one of those rugged, pioneer faces that would appeal to Margaret Bourke-White?" Mr. Van Rawle was now afire with inspiration and expected no answer. "Yes, I can see it! A photomontage covering your whole east wall, ten feet by thirty—it will look as though you had no wall at all! I can see your Uncle Joe. He is standing waist-high in a field of wheat shading his eyes with his hand. He has a straw in his mouth and the sun catches the stubble of his unshaved beard. Tobacco juice dribbles down his chin. To the right, over by the fireplace, a line of covered wagons

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stretches off into the distance, to the left, by the front door we have the magnificent panorama of the Rockies surmounted by big closeups of blast furnaces, orange groves and clipper ships. . . ."

"Never mind!" we both shouted together. "Never mind!"

"I'll just keep a little picture of Uncle Joe in a locket for the present," said Ellie.

Mr. Van Rawle again looked pained, but he had long ago decided that we belonged back in the anti-Macassar age and were to be treated as artistic illiterates. After he had left us with a revised batch of blueprints and dismayingly antiseptic-looking water color sketches showing how the rooms of our new house would look when it was built and we were living in them, we wondered if we had made a mistake in engaging the firm of Rawle, Rawle & Rawle as our architects and decorators. Adam was the architect, but he was outnumbered by his brothers Benjamin and Charles, who were both interior decorators. All three had spent months studying in a steel tube factory and could talk for hours about the house as a machine for living and the functional aspects of blank wall space.

It wasn't that we really wanted a picture of Uncle Joe. He was just a symbol of our independence. We had long before been furnished with the most incredibly detailed pictures of each part of each room, with each piece of furniture carefully adjusted according to design, and we had got to wondering not only how our old furniture would look mixed in with the new furnishings of our glass brick and chromium machine for living, but how *we* would look. After a first view of the plans we had both decided we would have to dye our hair, and Ellie had talked seriously of having her face lifted. You can't have people with grey streaks in their hair sitting about in a functional house. The thing wouldn't work. The air conditioning would probably clog up, the cork peel off the walls, and the mirrored ceilings crack.

From the outside our house looked like a big concrete shoe box but without even the brief printed items which decorated its original. Simplicity was our generation's contribution to the ages we were told, and ornamentation an abomination. Away with unnecessary moldings and irrelevant decoration. The only way you could tell the front door from the back was because the front had a patch of roof over it. In order to demonstrate the marvelous properties of reinforced concrete this roof had no supports whatever, but stuck out like a giant stone tongue.

We had quite a battle over the nursery on the second floor. At first we had been shocked and enraged to find it had no windows, only some panels of glass brick, but Mr. Van Rawle had explained that violet ray lamps set in the ceiling and air conditioning supplied everything needed for the

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growing child. "Besides," he had added just a little diabolically we thought, "you would like your children to get through college in two years instead of four, wouldn't you?" When we failed to follow him he explained that the violet ray lamps could be turned on at short intervals all night when the children were asleep, so that they would grow twice as fast, learn twice as fast, and become fine, streamlined citizens of the world by the time they were sixteen.

Laying out the pretty sketches of our immaculate new home-to-be on the dining room table we realized with a feeling of acute inferiority that Uncle Joe's photograph was the least of our sins. Mr. Benjamin had been very severe with us in the matter of the arrangement of each piece of furniture, each lamp, each book, each cigarette box and each paper of matches. Everything must be simple. No cluttering things up with knick-knacks. The clean mantel shelf along with the clean desk top and the clean tooth had been recognized as the basic solution of life's problems.

The trouble was that we seemed to possess a variety of objects which did not fit into our new house. There was that funny sea shell, for instance, that Ed picked up at the beach. And there was an absolutely perfect ear of red corn. On the table we had a little carved box that was always full of dubious radio tubes, buttons, extra front door keys, Lincoln pennies reputedly worth five dollars apiece, sunflower seeds, skate keys, safety pins, and three small sparkly stones. Over in the corner was a Zulu chieftain's spear acquired at an auction, and a cane with the face of an old woman carved on the head, and in the hall an old grandfather clock. The mantel shelf in the new house was only a slight rack two or three inches deep, "so as not to spoil the fine feeling of flatness of that end wall," whereas that in our old house easily and comfortably held two brass candlesticks, a black marble clock which nobody liked but which kept time, picture of Uncle Joe, Aunt Tessie and the baby, as well as a few scattered snapshots made in Europe, California, Canada and New York. There were also on the mantel from time to time a clipping telling about Bill's promotion, a schedule of football games, a small piece of cookie, an ad from a neighborhood hairdresser, a domino, two Roman coins, and a small fossil bone.

There was nothing, absolutely nothing in our glass brick, chromium piping, and unfinished woodwork house which made any allowance for human frailties. When Ellie asked how you could lean out of a window to call the kids in for supper when the window was only a panel of glass brick that didn't open, the Van Rawles had told her to give the children wrist watches so that they would know when to come in.

Now, as we looked at the mantel, the hall table, and the top of the bookcase, we realized we were in a

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spot. The new bookcases were sunk in flush with the wall and had no vacant shelf on top waiting to welcome pewter college beer mugs, vases of autumn leaves, cigarettes, boxes of matches, cocktail glasses, unanswered wedding invitations, the small marble replica of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the useless but indispensable wooden pipe rack made by Jimmy, aged nine, in manual training as a birthday present, etc., etc., etc.

What few tables and shelves were indicated in Mr. Van Rawle's sketches were scrupulously bare except for one or two well-placed and discreetly slim books—probably collected poems. We were to be allowed two pictures in the living room, one a Van Gogh over the fireplace, and an abstraction over the bookcases. The abstraction consisted of some little curved black marks on a white field—very tasty. The general effect was that of an enlargement of a stenographer's notes. But of course there was no place for a picture of Uncle Joe, or anybody else for that matter. The man in Van Gogh's picture was probably somebody's uncle, we imagined, but none of use knew him personally, so he was perfectly kosher with the steel tubing boys.

Some months elapsed before the great day arrived when we were to move into our cozy new machine for living, and during these months we had formed hideous and unnatural attachments for all our curios. Things which we would previously have thrown out instantly, now lingered for days and weeks. Additions to our collection included a snake plant, a small bronze dog, a rabbit made out of pipe cleaners, three borrowed books, and a large steel ball bearing. As moving time came near we even cherished old magazines, pieces of string, a broken plate to be mended, and adopted a mongrel dog and asked the children to bring in their little friends more often.

I shall pass lightly over a dreadful two weeks in which we settled ourselves into Mr. Van Rawle's immaculate stage sets, shedding about four-fifths of our old furniture, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the marble clock, a pottery vase, the pipe rack and some other items. But while the furniture went fairly easily—after all much of it was worn and creaky—the flotsam and jetsam of knickknacks which had been cast up on our mantels, shelves, and tables in years past, did not. Old chairs were replaced by new, old lamps were thrown out in favor of indirect lighting, and figured rugs gave way to plain taupe carpets. But the machine age had not, and indeed could not, supply us with personal souvenirs—small useless trophies, prizes, relics and curios collected through a lifetime. We tried putting the sea shell on the glass brick fence which divided the living and dining rooms, where it looked like a painting by Salvador Dali, but nothing else ever really found a comfortable home. Uncle Joe and Aunt Tessie sat on a mirror-topped table until we finally

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went wild at the sight of *two* Uncle Joes and *two* Aunt Tessies resulting from their reflections, and made places for them in the bookshelves.

It was almost a month before we had the courage to go about the house without being fully and formally dressed. I mean to say there was none of this running around in your shirt sleeves or waiting to shave till after breakfast. You had to be up to scratch all the time, and no nonsense.

After two months however, we began to get careless. I suppose all social groups disintegrate slowly. Of course we had no intention of being untrue to the Van Rawle ideal of family life. But after one dreadful, memorable evening we knew we had fallen, fallen so far that nothing could save us.

As a surprise the three Van Rawles stopped in one evening for a visit—just walked into what they believed was their immaculate, perfectly designed living room for a call. Sunk deep into a pale yellow armchair Ellie was knitting a sweater, a bright red sweater. On the floor Betty and a friend were studying the life and times of Popeye, Andy Gump and Orphan Annie done into bright colors. For the first time I had let myself go and had neither coat nor vest. And sitting on the zebra-skin couch were Uncle Joe and Aunt Tessie themselves, in person, wrinkled and white-haired as befits their years. Uncle Joe smokes a corn-cob pipe and insists on gold-rimmed spectacles, although his eyesight is perfect. On the glass table before them was a heroic statuary group depicting the struggle for power in a group of marble nudes. Uncle Joe was just saying that it was exactly what our new living room needed to make it more home-like, as the Van Rawles appeared. Also at that instant Bill came in with a tray of cans of beer and mugs.

For a moment or two, while everybody in the room turned, the Van Rawles stood dumb in petrified horror.

It was Betty, aged five, who put her foot through the ice. She had never been able to find her skates since we had moved and had somehow blamed it all on the modern life. When she saw the three Van Rawles in a row she looked up sourly from Popeye and said simply and firmly, "You go climb a tree!"

There was an awkward pause and then a voice which sounded very much like my own said, "Preferably a tubular chromium-plated tree."

"Or a glass brick tree," murmured Ellie without looking up from counting her stitches.

The Van Rawles turned and fled.

I understand the word has now got around among the modernists in town that we have all gone native, and are building fires in the middle of the floor, and living off coconuts and wearing nothing but sarongs.

Maybe we are. Anyway we feel better about things now.

—Creighton Peet

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YOU AND BAEDEKER

THE OBJECT OF THE GAME IS TO PUT THESE FIFTY WELL-KNOWN CITIES IN THEIR PLACES

HERE are fifty cities from all parts of the globe. How many of them can you locate? Count 2 points for each correct answer. A score of 70 is fair, 80 is good, and 90 or over is excellent. Answers will be found on page 66.

1. BUDAPEST
   (*a*) Austria
   (*b*) Hungary
   (*c*) Malta
2. WARSAW
   (*a*) Ukraine
   (*b*) Luxembourg
   (*c*) Poland
3. PRAGUE
   (*a*) Switzerland
   (*b*) Czechoslovakia
   (*c*) Iran
4. YOKOHAMA
   (*a*) Japan
   (*b*) China
   (*c*) Mexico
5. OSLO
   (*a*) Norway
   (*b*) Sweden
   (*c*) Iceland
6. COLOGNE
   (*a*) France
   (*b*) Germany
   (*c*) Danzig
7. SANTIAGO
   (*a*) Liberia
   (*b*) Argentina
   (*c*) Chile
8. TRIESTE
   (*a*) Honduras
   (*b*) Italy
   (*c*) Austria
9. VERDUN
   (*a*) Belgium
   (*b*) France
   (*c*) Canal Zone
10. SMYRNA
    (*a*) Turkey
    (*b*) Syria
    (*c*) Algeria
11. OSTEND
    (*a*) Afghanistan
    (*b*) Denmark
    (*c*) Belgium
12. TORONTO
    (*a*) Ontario
    (*b*) Manitoba
    (*c*) Alberta
13. POSEN
    (*a*) Poland
    (*b*) Germany
    (*c*) Aden
14. LONDONDERRY
    (*a*) Scotland
    (*b*) Northern Ireland
    (*c*) Australia
15. RANGOON
    (*a*) Rhodesia
    (*b*) Burma
    (*c*) Libya
16. WELLINGTON
    (*a*) Labrador
    (*b*) Tasmania
    (*c*) New Zealand
17. MICHIGAN CITY
    (*a*) Alabama
    (*b*) Michigan
    (*c*) Indiana
18. OPORTO
    (*a*) Portugal
    (*b*) Spain
    (*c*) Brazil
19. RIGA
    (*a*) Georgian Republic
    (*b*) Latvia
    (*c*) Newfoundland
20. SINGAPORE
    (*a*) Straits Settlements
    (*b*) Burma
    (*c*) Tibet

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21. JUNEAU
(a) Alaska
(b) British Columbia
(c) Madagascar

22. GLASGOW
(a) England
(b) Wales
(c) Scotland

23. ATHENS
(a) Greece
(b) Yugoslavia
(c) Estonia

24. SYDNEY
(a) Sarawak
(b) Victoria
(c) New South Wales

25. BAGDAD
(a) Cyprus
(b) Arabia
(c) Irak

26. PUEBLO
(a) Arizona
(b) California
(c) Colorado

27. HELSINGFORS
(a) Lithuania
(b) Finland
(c) Chosen

28. MONTREAL
(a) Nova Scotia
(b) Quebec
(c) New Brunswick

29. SEMARANG
(a) Java
(b) Virgin Islands
(c) Mongolia

30. METZ
(a) Germany
(b) France
(c) Denmark

31. JUAREZ
(a) Cyprus
(b) Mexico
(c) Uruguay

32. HONGKONG
(a) Japan
(b) Formosa
(c) China

33. SOFIA
(a) Albania
(b) Austria
(c) Bulgaria

34. BOMBAY
(a) India
(b) Ceylon
(c) Bhutan

35. DAMASCUS
(a) Syria
(b) Armenia
(c) Iran

36. BARCELONA
(a) Spain
(b) Andorra
(c) Portugal

37. STOCKHOLM
(a) Finland
(b) Sweden
(c) Norway

38. GHENT
(a) Belgium
(b) Switzerland
(c) Egypt

39. VANCOUVER
(a) New Zealand
(b) Canada
(c) Fiji Islands

40. ROUEN
(a) Manchukuo
(b) Netherlands
(c) France

41. LIMA
(a) Peru
(b) Paraguay
(c) Guatemala

42. SHREVEPORT
(a) Kentucky
(b) Louisiana
(c) Tennessee

43. HONOLULU
(a) New Guinea
(b) Guam
(c) Hawaii

44. MONS
(a) France
(b) Belgium
(c) Nepal

45. PONCE
(a) Palestine
(b) Philippine Islands
(c) Porto Rico

46. KRONSTADT
(a) Morocco
(b) Russia
(c) Netherlands

47. COLON
(a) Nicaragua
(b) Salvador
(c) Panama

48. SAN JOSE
(a) Costa Rica
(b) Siam
(c) Sarawak

49. KISHINEV
(a) Russia
(b) Roumania
(c) Turkey

50. CARACAS
(a) Venezuela
(b) British West Indies
(c) Formosa

—A. I. GREEN

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LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD

THE DEFINITIVE COMMENT WAS MADE BY THE MAN WHO THREW HIMSELF OUT OF HIS HOTEL WINDOW

THOUSANDS of literate men and women have come to Hollywood, have worked in Hollywood, have made money in Hollywood, have written about Hollywood. What is there to know about Hollywood that they have not already told us? Hollywood has most of the best writers, said one producer, boastfully, as if he were talking about oranges. By best writers Hollywood means novelists of the order of Fannie Hurst. Hollywood knows only the writers who have served Hollywood; it does not recognize writers who, like Eugene O'Neill, have scorned it; who, like Shaw, have mocked it; who, like Maxwell Anderson, have fled from it; who, like Paul Green, stayed only long enough for a bank account and then precipitately recrossed the border.

If there is still truth to tell and truth to learn about Hollywood it is because it is so hard to tell for those who want to tell it and so hard to learn from the reports of those who would like to tell the world without offending Hollywood. As a rule those who know Hollywood won't tell and those who could tell won't take the trouble to learn. Too much of the telling is in the hands of such as Louella Parsons, who have privileged entrance both to the studio and to the printed page, and in the hands of press agents who control what the public reads about Hollywood by writing much of it themselves, under the names of the fan magazine hacks stationed in the picture city.

Nevertheless, we already know a good deal that Hollywood would prefer we did not know. The Chinese Wall has been breached at several important points. Fictional and dramatic and essayical liberties have been taken and Hollywood has been laughed at, indulgently and incredulously. Even in Hollywood they laugh at Hollywood; it is a mark of superiority. Any studio press agent will take you aside after the second drink and tell you about the latest *faux pas* made by the head of the rival studio and after a short acquaintance he will tell you about his own employer's latest break. This indicates that the easiest way to appear to tell the truth, both for the newcomer and the permanent resident, is to deal in caricature. But Hollywood is too complex to be de-

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scribed exclusively in terms of caricature.

The man who made the most fundamental comment about Hollywood is the efficiency expert who threw himself out of the window of his hotel. He could not understand Hollywood on the terms of business. Every conference was at least a puzzle, if not a headache. The bank had sent him into the studio to save money and here, for one thing, he finds Mr. Jones, the erstwhile fifteen-hundred-dollar-a-week story editor whose contract had been bought off and his (presumably incompetent) services dispensed with, back again in the same post only several weeks later at two thousand dollars a week. Mr. Jones couldn't explain and the efficiency expert didn't understand because they lived in different worlds and spoke different languages. That efficiency expert may have heard about the producer who demanded of the story department a rush synopsis of Roget's *Thesaurus*, or of that other producer who thought that 1935 must be in the 19th century, or of the director who insisted upon a photograph of Washington's farewell review of his troops, and not a photograph of a painting of that episode. But if he had heard, he might not have been amused.

This is not to conclude that suicide is the only comment Hollywood deserves. Many men have made similar comment in other communities. And even in Hollywood efficiency experts have survived to drive story editors, producers and casting directors into distraction and exile. You don't have to be anything so recondite as an efficiency man to wonder why something like thirty men and women on full pay should be hanging around a set on which at the moment only two actors are engaged, and you may with justice wonder why a picture that lasts less than two hours on the screen should require from thirty to sixty days to shoot even after every set has been constructed with painful fidelity. By the time you've learned the answers you're Alice taking out her second papers in Wonderland.

Hollywood should be any efficiency engineer's picnic ground because it is the only place in the world where men who make its characteristic goods boast of the high cost of manufacture much more often than they boast of the rate of profit, and where even a man may become rich by losing his company's money provided that he loses it with a gesture and provided that he can use publicity to bludgeon trade opinion into the belief that money has been lost in the service of Art.

Almost any press agent will give you a dozen examples, from his studio's recent releases, of painful and expensive fidelity to the detail of history and biography. They are so faithful to the detail that they miss the spirit, so loyal to the tree that they betray the forest, as, for example, in *Romeo and Juliet*, on which more labor was spent, in more than a year of pre-

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liminary research and preparation, than had gone into the stagings of the play for a century after its first performance. Poor Shakespeare was simply choked with production value.

On a sequence that lasted only three minutes on the screen, the outdoor fencing class in *Girls' Dormitory*, six weeks were spent in training and rehearsal and another week in actual shooting, every one of the young women on the set being a dancer especially trained in fencing. It was beautiful, but was it necessary? The question contains the answer: if it was beautiful it was necessary. But any efficiency expert would have answered the question by saving thousands of dollars on that sequence alone, and he would have been wrong, for the glamor-hungry would have been cheated, even had they not known it. The picture industry has been caught in its own net, since it must give people not what they always have wanted, but what the movies, competing with one another, have trained the people to expect and to want.

Hollywood has a function to perform for the world and the world pays Hollywood only as it performs that function. Briefly, the world pays Hollywood to be its surrogate in perfect living. To such an extent that even the private lives of stars must be publicized, nay even managed, in terms of pictures. There is no pathos in Hollywood so intense as that of the nitwit elevated to stardom who operates on the assumption that he, or she, is as enchanting as his press agent is paid to make him out to be. It is the pathos of the puppet that thinks it pulls its own strings. When the glamorous picture is over, the glamorous star must continue to live glamorously in his or her glamorous private life, as reported in the fan magazines. There must be no break in the illusion, no descent to the commonplace. Hollywood is the world's fairyland preserve, subsidized in order that dreams may take on for a time that third dimension in which they are so sadly lacking.

Hollywood is fantasy, Hollywood is fairytale, Hollywood is the place where golden sunlight gilds the spires. Tell a man you are going to the Canary Islands and he will show polite, but not intense, curiosity. Tell the same man that you are going to Hollywood and he gazes on you as if you were about to set sail for the Enchanted Isles in a three-master. Tell a man you have returned from Madagascar; the questions he will ask will be more or less perfunctory, but tell him you have returned from Hollywood and observe how the whole sum of legend he has absorbed about it rushes to his eyes in eager inquiry. The world outside is a place in which people dream of earning a thousand dollars a week. Hollywood is a place where people earn it; where, indeed, they feel a sense of slight in earning *only* a thousand dollars a week. Hollywood is a place where the step-sister amidst the ashes becomes glass-slippered Cinderella, where the stone the

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builder rejected becomes the cornerstone. The world is governed, roughly, by the laws of probability; in Hollywood, anything can happen, and has happened. Perhaps that is why almost everybody in Southern California gambles, either against the nickel slot machine or the million-dollar casino.

It has been said that while Hollywood flourishes there will be no revolution, the implication being that the moving picture is the opiate of the people. While it is no longer a disgrace to be either intelligent or a gentleman and while there are crusaders even in Hollywood who prefer to apply logic and common sense rather than glamor and glitter to the making of pictures, there is no denying that the process of picture making exercises an opiate influence on the makers, to the extent of dulling their intelligence and sharpening their perceptions of sense. Conditions of life in Hollywood encourage this unbalance. For one thing, there is a deeper sense of nervous uncertainty about tomorrow or the day after than in any other American community that is not a health resort or a penitentiary town. There is a feeling of transitoriness and of unreality, for you can't tell today on what rung of the ladder you will shortly find yourself. You may be up or down, in or out. You may become the victim, or the beneficiary, of circumstances entirely beyond your control.

I believe there is more piece work and a greater turnover of labor in Hollywood, whatever its piece rates, than in any other paying single-industry community in the United States. There are undoubtedly shorter periods of employment and greater hazards. When a man who has rolled about in a Hispano-Suiza one day appears on his uppers the next, Hollywood has a word for it, "Well, that's Hollywood." There is vigilance in the dread with which one commits oneself even to occasional hospitality because the wheel spins so fast that one may find oneself bound to an outsider when one should be applauding the rise of a hitherto unobserved star. Neither friendships nor enmities are made irrevocable, for there are hazards to both. You cannot tell how soon an enmity may turn on you or how soon a friendship meet the unpleasant test of a touch. "Be nice to the office boy," Al Jolson advised a newcomer, "you can't tell how soon he'll be a producer." Within the same week Mr. A desperately sought out Mr. B, who ignored his call. Within that week the unemployed Mr. A obtained a contract and the employed Mr. B's contract expired without being renewed. But at the same time Mr. A committed no overt unfriendly act, permitting, if necessary, the resumption of future relations, should the tables turn again.

Immaturity, except in the cunning and skill which go into the making, promotion and selling of pictures, is the rule in Hollywood. The most successful individuals are the most in-

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tensely ungrown-up—about other things. The childish mind in the grown body is so painfully frequent as to seem, after the first week, the normal occurrence. Maturity is a closely guarded private secret among those who want to have their cake and eat it too; those, that is, who want success on Hollywood's terms without abdicating their intelligence and yielding their private inclinations. But it is better to be on a single track in Hollywood. It is better to be dumb than to be dumbed up. It is not a place for a man with doubts and scruples; he must have no doubts as to his abilities and no scruples as to the methods by which he shall rise. At the same time merely abject Yessing won't take a man far, if he has nothing else. Standing in the relation of the big boss' brother-in-law, or former bootlegger or privileged clown is not the guarantee of permanent employment that it used to be.

A safe rule is to consider yourself engaged in the manufacture of toys and to be persuaded that it is a deadly, earnest business to which none may presume to hold himself superior. The picture is work and the picture is play. As a rule the day is spent in making movies on your lot and the night in a painfully vigilant scrutiny of the pictures turned out on other lots.

Hollywood is a place that consumes the young and rewards them fantastically. Grey hair is infrequent enough to be noticeable, even among the highly paid executives. The transition would seem to be from office boy to executive, from Ford to Rolls-Royce and sometimes back again. Darryl Zanuck is about thirty-six years of age. Most of those who are grey in Hollywood probably became so elsewhere. Thalberg's death at thirty-seven with an estimated fortune of ten million dollars tells a double story, what people ask of Hollywood and what Hollywood gives them. The industry itself is so very young that those of its pioneers who haven't died of overwork are only now in their prime.

For an intelligent man aware of the relation between the fantasy that is Hollywood and the reality that is the world outside, Hollywood is a windfall, not a nightmare. For many of them the cornucopia has been spilling the fruits of the land for years, but one must be prepared for a sudden stopping at the source without repining and without regret. Hollywood seems so unreal, that after leaving it one has to look about for mementos he has taken out of it in order to be able to second the suspicion that he has once been there. It is so unreal a place that the sums earned in it and spent in it have the substance of stage money, whereas the sums smuggled across the border have the fantastic quality that would attach to a handful of legal tender that we would find clutched in our fist after waking up from a particularly pleasant and profitable dream. —HARRY SALPETER

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FROM A ROOFTOP

After the beat of thinking has stilled itself in death,
After loveliness, and the pulse of music has died away,
After the last shadow of twilight, and the final breath
Of life, sighing, escapes from the dying day,
There is a moon—wondrous with peace, as silent as awe.
Whiteness that lights its emptiness, the corpse dreams
Over nestled towers and sorrows and each single grave, law
Only of the night; ghost of a dead jewel it seems.
Figure of all that is wonder in the well of forgotten things,
Caress and enchantment, happy deadness, surcease
From vanity. Melody without music, the cold moon sings
Of things gone from the memory, the madness of peace.
Whiteness that lights its emptiness, the moon dreams, brave,
Over nestled towers and sorrows and each single grave.

—Louis Paul

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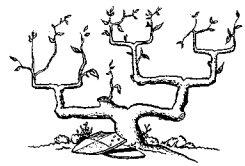
GRAFTS ON THE FAMILY TREE

YOU HAVE TO TAKE THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET WHEN YOU START PROBING INTO YOUR ANCESTRY



For generations after the founding of our Republic it was a frequent British gibe that the average American "doesn't know who his grandfather was." We in our turn sneered at the decadent European who had nothing but a pedigree to brag of. We as a people scorned such flummery—like Marshal Ney, who boasted that "we ourselves are ancestors." Our little handful of bluebloods in the East and South who had their lineage all set down in writing were scoffed at. We were plebeian and proud of it. Some were even snobbish about it. "My brethring and sistern," said a backwoods preacher of eighty years ago, "I air a ignorant man, followed the plow all my life and never rubbed agin ary college. I air ignorant, and I thank God for it."

A certain Congressman, far more recent, who used to go out to country barbecues and rallies wearing a vest patched in the back, was a typical product of his period. Before beginning his speech, he would take off his coat, and as he turned around to hang it on a nail or toss it on a chair, the patched vest would of course be displayed to the gratified view of the audience. The orator would then proceed to tell with many a colloquialism how common he and his folks were—how his wife was out in the back yard at home at that very moment, making soft soap, when as a matter of truth she, arrayed in purple and fine linen, was straining hard to queen it in society in the state capital, and had but slight sympathy with her spouse's determined commonness.

But save in a few remote districts, this professional plebeianism is not as common as it once was. The politician still wears a broad felt and talks the local dialect to catch the country vote; but the farmer and the workingman, though disdaining aristocratic notions, no longer scorn education and family. In fact, there are requests coming even from these classes nowadays to genealogists for information as to ancestry. We are no longer a pioneer people; we are becoming ancestor-conscious. Most of us had until recently been too busy with other matters to think of lineage, and now we are trying to catch up on that.

The ancient Greeks boasted many

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aristocratic families whose lineage went back to prehistoric times and usually showed as an early ancestor some person of divine origin. For instance, a certain prominent citizen of the 2nd century B. C. is mentioned as being the forty-first in descent from Hercules; and as Hercules was the son of Zeus, this was going right back to the beginning of things. One wonders whether this gentleman had the bar sinister painted on his foyer wall, for the gods, you know, never bothered themselves with such immaterialities as marriage.

After all, there may be a legitimate and pardonable pride found in the knowledge that one's forefathers fought for or helped to lay the foundations of a nation, or distinguished themselves in some of the parent countries. Neither is it a blameworthy yearning to know the course of one's ancestry, no matter whether it leads back to a coronet or not. A study of history is inevitably worth while; and practically any of us (with the possible exception of members of that dreadful Jukes family which the eugenists are always citing) will find more good people than bad among our ancestors.

The World War reawakened interest in patriotic societies; and a desire for membership in one or another of those which demanded ancestral recommendations—Order of the Cincinnati, Holland Society, Holland Dames, Sons and Daughters of the Revolution—has brought on, quite logically, a boom in genealogy. One genealogical society finds that the great majority of its applications for information come from women who desire to join the D. A. R. These early settlers and soldiers were our only American nobility; and many a person of today who succeeds in tracing his lineage back to one of them can prove it no farther, but is well content at that.

To say that the majority of the current interest in ancestors is being manifested by women doesn't mean that the men are indifferent to the matter—not by any means. Until just a few years ago I didn't give much time to thinking about my more remote ancestry, but in recent years female kinswomen—strangers to me at the beginning, very few of whose names are or ever have been Harlow, but who have Harlows among their ancestry—have been writing to me to ask what I knew about my forefathers. Finding that I knew very little, they generously shared what knowledge they had with me. As a result, I have noticed lately that I am alluding much more frequently to my ancestors in conversation, especially to great-great grandpas, Michael Harlow and John Hall, the two bravest soldiers in the Continental Army, I don't care who denies it. The virus is taking effect and I can already foresee the time when I shall have to lay aside my work, rush down to Virginia and start snooping through old churchyards, trying to find a link with England, and some of those chaps who had escutcheons.

For it must be admitted that the

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majority of Americans, being merely human, are not at all ill-pleased if they can point to a king's crown or the strawberry leaves of a coronet, or failing these, at least the arms of a knight in their family records. We have yet to hear of the modern proletarian whose eyes do not sparkle at the sight of his pedigree, gotten up like that of the Honorable Algernon Deuceace, Thackeray's famous character, "in the shape of a tree, a growin out of a man-in-armer's stomick," especially if, like Algernon's "the picter said that the Deuceaces" (or Jawkinses or Flubbers, as the case may be) "kem into England in the year 1066, along with William Conqueruns."

Here we meet the favorite, the greatest of all genealogical milestones —the Norman Conquest of England. It ranks with the landing of the *Mayflower*, the voyage of Columbus, the birth of Christ and the Flood. It is the *ne plus ultra* of most ancestral quests. "Can you give me any hints as to this family history of mine?" said a perturbed man to an officer of an American genealogical society recently. "I have searched through every channel I can think of, and I can find no information regarding it any farther back than 1066."

"For Heaven's sake, how much farther back do you hope to go?" retorted the expert. "Without even seeing your data, I am suspicious of your job even that far." The truth of the matter is that unless you can show royalty or some of the greater nobility as among your forefathers, it is next to impossible to trace a line back to the Conquest. The family records of common folk, whether merchants, artisans or serfs, were not kept in those times, and there were no church registers. It is most worth while, of course, to show descent from the Conqueror himself—and there are a few Americans who can do that very thing—but among those who claim to derive from a noble follower of William, one looks askance at those who not only trace the family name almost or quite unchanged back to that date, but declare that the ancestor carried his coat of arms on his shield at the Battle of Hastings.

This thing began centuries ago. In the famous lawsuit of Scrope against Grosvenor in 1385, for example, for bearing arms claimed by Scrope alone, Grosvenor alleged that his arms were derived from an ancestor who came over with the Conqueror; while another claimant, a Cornish squire, asserted that his ancestors had brought them straight down from King Arthur's Round Table! But what of that? We have seen printed pedigrees compiled in far more recent years, showing descent from characters equally as mythical as King Arthur.

Some people are astonished and incredulous when told that their families may not be entitled to armorial bearings. "Why, I thought every family had a coat of arms!" is a remark made daily to genealogists. To which the expert replies that comparatively few families are armigerous—by which

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he doesn't refer to some unpleasant disease, but to the hereditary right to bear arms. Many of our family names came down to us from common or middle-class folk; the names themselves often prove that.

The right to bear arms is very definitely prescribed in the laws of heraldry. It descends "to the legitimate male descendants of the grantee and to all legitimate male descendants of those other persons to whom the right is specifically granted by the patent. It also descends for life to all legitimate daughters of males who inherited under the original patent." Sometimes the patent prescribes other limitations. No man can bequeath his patent of arms as he likes. It must descend according to heraldic laws. If you are descended from old Ambrose Jawkins, a commoner of Queen Elizabeth's day, whose cousin or even his brother was granted the right to bear arms, that doesn't necessarily mean that you are entitled to use those arms. In fact, you have no claim upon them whatsoever. And yet many a blazon is flaunted for no better reason than that. It has even become a popular assumption that anyone is entitled to use arms of a family bearing the same surname.

The seeker after ancestors might as well make up his mind to take them as they come. An Eastern gentleman received a dreadful shock recently when he was looking up his wife's pedigree. There seemed to be a queer tangle in names only a few years back, and he finally appealed for help to a kinswoman in upstate New York; a sweet old lady far advanced in years, a lifelong model of virtue and decorum, who met the embarrassing question frankly and smilingly. "It's easy to explain," said she. "My grandmother never married!"

Her attitude was in vivid contrast with many others who simply refuse to accept facts. A lady who was striving for admission to a patriotic society was found to come of an illegitimate line, and that not so far back. She tearfully refused to believe it, complaining of the honest genealogist that "he is trying to take away my birthright!" Another lady claimed through one line descent from the famous Anneke Jans of old New York, but in the direct male line were found two or three generations of tailors—respectable fellows, but undeniably tailors. She positively declined to accept them. But there they are, said Authority, and you can't get away from them. Her only recourse was simply to ignore them. "With my unquestioned descent from Anneke Jans," she wrote to the genealogist, "with my grandmother's patch-boxes and my ancestral silver I do not care to include even the wraith of a tailor's goose!"

One man who desired to have his family tree constructed, told a genealogist that it was well known among his kinsmen that they were connections of George Washington. The experts after long search found it to be true, only, this was the wrong George

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Washington; he wasn't even of the same color as the Father of his Country.

You must steel yourself, therefore, against the shocks of discovering such blots as illegitimacy or pirates or worse in your family history. A comforting genealogist cites the honesty of St. Matthew in reciting the ancestors of Jesus. In the forty-two generations from Abraham down there were two harlots, an adulteress, and what was just as bad or worse to the orthodox Jewish mind of that day, two Gentile women.

As you recall with a shudder those shady characters, those family skeletons, Uncle Peleg and Cousin Abiram, who were within the compass of your own memory, you will realize that there must have been others just as bad and worse in previous generations. Consider the number of ancestors you have. Begin with your two parents, four grandparents, eight great grandparents, sixteen great great—why, in in a little more than a hundred years you have had sixty-four ancestors. How absurd to assume that all of them were highly respectable! Keep on multiplying by two, and you will decide that by the time you have gone back twenty or thirty centuries, your ancestral roots must have reached almost the whole human race.

The probabilities are that every one of us, if we knew our lineage *in toto*, would find the names of kings and queens there. Some of us may actually have more royal blood than those who can prove their descent from some royal William or Henry or Louis; though the quantity of it in the veins of any of us would have to be calculated by one of these modern scientists who know how to divide the atom. Those proud ones who claim descent from William the Conqueror had also contemporary with William, more than a million and a half of other ancestors, the vast majority of whom were inevitably peasants and serfs. In such an ancestry, the kind common to us all, there must have been not a few who finished their careers dangling at the end of a rope (even nobles did that); many who languished in common jails as malefactors, many others who ought to have been in jail, but somehow escaped.

And yet, in the ancestry of all of us there must have been a great majority of decent, kindly, fairly intelligent folk whose gaze was usually fixed upon something higher, else the world would not have been lifted, as it has been, from the murk of the Dark Ages into the civilization (faulty though it may be) and better ideals of the present day. All that is for the comfort of those who don't know whether Grandpa was born in Holland or Hoboken, and if so, what his father's name was. At least we can all say, as did that jolly old poet-politician of two hundred years ago on his tomb:

Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what was Matthew Prior.
A son of Adam and Eve;
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

—ALVIN F. HARLOW

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INSIDE STORY OF A HEEL

ACHILLES' VULNERABLE POINT WAS EMILE'S INSTRUMENT OF SERVICE TO HIS COUNTRY

IN THE backwash of the German flood that swept through Belgium in 1914, Emile Verbruck, a wounded Belgian private, found himself wafted across the Dutch frontier and into a hospital. His wound was just above the back of his left heel.

Convalescent from his operation, Emile picked up his crutches and made his way to the staff-surgeon's office to ask for his discharge. Proud of a few words of schoolboy English, he blandly eavesdropped: an English civilian was telling the doctor that he was seeking a safe man who could take a code message to a member of the British Intelligence Service in German-occupied Antwerp.

Emile coughed loudly, stuck out his bandaged foot and said, "Hide the message in my wound."

Within a few minutes the Dutch surgeon and British civilian were convinced that Emile was neither a would-be martyr nor an acolyte of detective-fiction. Back to the operating-room went Emile, into his reopened incision went a tiny silver tube, containing the message. When the new wound was sufficiently healed, out of the hospital went Emile on crutches, dressed in adequately nondescript civilian clothes.

How he got to Antwerp nobody knows, because he never told. He had his third foot operation, and the British Intelligence officer had his message.

"Is there any answer?" asked Emile, when he came out of the anesthetic. He pointed, not too feebly, to his foot.

The little silver tube was sterilized and sewn back into his heel.

Two weeks later Emile returned to Holland. His heel was reopened, the silver tube and its answering message was withdrawn. This time the wound was sewn up once and for all.

When peace was signed, Emile went placidly back to his former trade in fruits and vegetables. He was accorded three war-decorations, and his pension allowed him to buy a half-partnership in the shop. He attended it actively, despite his limp.

Verbruck had a kind nature and a calm disposition, but heaven help anybody who had ever so much as shaken hands with a German.

—SYLVIA LYON

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I thought we'd done our share quite well,
And yet we must have been remiss;
Still how could we poor monkeys tell
It all would lead to this?

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THE PLAGUE OF WORDS

SHALL THE DICTIONARY IMPOSE ITS OBSCURITIES UPON THE PURE PALIMPSEST OF OUR THOUGHTS?

IF THEY noticed the youth at all, shrunk as he was into a corner of the Chicago elevated train, no doubt most persons thought him absorbed in the latest blossom of the literary world.

But another passenger sat close enough to him to glance slyly into the pages. It was not a fat novel nor was it an omnibus or a week-end book. It was one of the 39-cent editions of the English dictionary. The young man was reading steadily among the A's.

Such an incident warns us that words are soon to descend upon us like a plague of grasshoppers or locusts, a catastrophe far more serious than the tyranny of words Stuart Chase writes about. There has grown in the land a sudden, unexplainable affection for the dictionary, a regard offered, also, to the encyclopedia and the almanac, although in smaller degree.

More evidence wanted? It is ready:

Dr. Robert Seashore, associate professor of psychology at Northwestern University, recently made a test—these professors are always making tests—and learned that the average college student now has a recognition-vocabulary of 176,000 words, an increase over previous years.

Not long ago, another teacher did some testing. He happened to mention to us that he had assigned his students to read half of Roget's *Thesaurus* in a week's time.

"Read half of it?" we asked in astonishment and to verify what we had heard.

"Yes, why not? They get dictionaries for next to nothing—or nothing—wherever they go and seem to enjoy them. So why not Roget?"

The professor was right, of course, about the ease of acquiring dictionaries these days, an important factor in the coming plague. It is literally impossible to avoid getting one someplace or other. If one happens to purchase a certain brand of ink one is given with it a little dictionary. It is the kind that defines "coma" as "lethargy" and "willow" as "a tree."

Pyramided in the windows of many cigar and drug stores are the latest editions of the cheap dictionaries: 39 cents, 49 cents, 69 cents, 89 cents, and 98 cents.

At least these contain more words

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than the pocket affairs. But their definitions are somewhat sparse. "Kabbala," for example, is defined simply as "a cabbala," and if one does not happen to know or to have forgotten what a cabbala is, one must go on searching by looking up "cabbala." This then produces—"kabbala"! The perfect boomerang. Such running around in circles must not occur too often because the covers of these volumes are of the cheapest sort of imitation leather. Their pages tear after looking up words on the same sheet a half-dozen times.

Then, also, we have the volumes urged upon us by the newspaper publishers who wish to increase their circulations. They do that by issuing coupons good for really great dictionaries like the Oxford. Except that the bindings are poor, the covers decorated with lacquer that soon will flake off, and the paper is too perishable, this is a bargain. But then what can we expect at 49 cents each for ten volumes?

The dictionaries, usually, are put on display in homes and are supposed to excite envy in the neighbors. Sometimes a maid, having heard of the literary success of the author of *Katinka*, will cherish her 49-cent *Geographical Webster's Home and Office Dictionary* as if it were a newly-found copy of Galfridus Grammaticus' early wordbook, *Promptorium Parvulorum*. She will come into the dining room with a tray full of canapés and make some remark, in a casual voice, about weighing twenty pounds more than a kentle.

"A kentle?" asks the lady of the house. "Maggie, what in the world's that?"

"One hundred pounds, mum," answers Maggie, not a little impressed with her word lore.

"And who told you that?"

"From my new dictionary," blushes Maggie. She stops a minute to assemble her information. Besides, she must pick up the fork she knocked off the table in her fluster over words. "It's from the French, mum, and is the English way of saying 'quintal,' which means . . . which means 100 or 112 pounds of anything."

It is not, of course, that we spurn the enlargement of vocabularies among all persons, back stairs or front. It is that if this blanketing of the country with dictionaries keeps up we are likely to hear conversations something like this:

First Man—I had an awful time scraping the indumentum off my face this morning.

Second Man—Scraping the what off your face?

F. M.—The indumentum, of course.

S. M.—The *what?*

F. M.—*Indumentum, indumentum.* Don't you know what that means? I thought you got yourself a dictionary at the drug store the other day.

S. M.—I did, but I started reading it at the back and I'm only at the Q's. What does it mean?

F. M.—(Closing his eyes so they won't interfere with his memory.) Any hairy covering, in the botanical sense.

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In other words, I had a hard time shaving.

S. M.—Oh, shaving. So that's it. You'd find it easier going if you'd let your razor run through a rill first.

F. M.—Run through a rill? What's that?

S. M.—(Noticeably cheered, for it's his turn.) What! You don't know what a rill is? What kind of a dictionary do you have, anyway?

F. M.—(Hurt and visibly embarrassed.) Well, I got mine with a bottle of Inky-Pinky. But I'm collecting coupons and pretty soon I'll have enough for the Daily Bazoo's ten-volume *Modern Streamlined Dictionary*. But what's a rill?

S. M.—(Gazing into the distance.) A small stream; a rivulet; a brook; to run in a small stream. Comes from the German word rille and is a noun. See?

Plainly, if this keeps up, Mr. Hearst, Colonel McCormick, Mr. MacFadden, and the advertising copywriters will have to revise their estimate of the public's mental age and boost it from the present estimated average of twelve to fourteen years to a brand new high of eighteen to twenty years. Mr. Wells would be asked to revise his statement about the race between education and catastrophe so as to make clear just which is the catastrophe. And Wilson Follett would need to write an article for the *Atlantic*, telling us not only of the death of the sentence but also of the coming avalanche of words—words that will blot out sentences along with meanings.

The flood of words will change office procedure, alter the relationship between student and teacher, and solve the problem of the preacher guilty of talking down to his congregation. The world will be full of malapropisms, as well as child prodigies able to read Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* or any of the Proust volumes.

Street signs, posters, neon light signs, and subway ads will look different. What will become of the various professional journals, like the *Journal of Applied Psychology*, which only a few hundred persons can understand now, is beyond imagining. At least the editors of these magazines must be warned and not be caught without sufficient presses and advertising.

The dictionary menace is upon us, but we cannot smoke it out, the way Wang did the locust plague in *The Good Earth*. All we can do is wait. Then we can blame the invention of the crossword puzzle and the American public's incurable desire for an annual fad. Who knows, maybe some American Hitler, possibly Lawrence Dennis or Tom Girdler, will rise, see the danger of the dictionaries, and order a colossal book-burning.

Then we shall return to the good old days when no one ever thought of finding a new word to state an old fact or express an ancient idea. Thus will the spirits of those old regimenters, Sam Johnson, Thomas Blount, Thomas Sheridan, and Noah Webster, be defied eternally. —R. E. WOLSELEY

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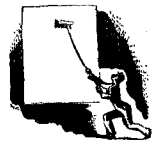
REVOLUTION BY POSTER

PROPAGANDA FOR THE MASSES: HUNGARY'S GRAPHIC SOUVENIR OF POST-WAR STRIFE



HUNGARY is the only country where in the short period of nine months Monarchy, Republic, Bolshevism, White Terror and Dictatorship succeeded one another. These successive regimes were dramatically pictured in posters pasted on the walls of the buildings of Budapest. It was the practice of each government to destroy the posters of the preceding one. After Bolshevism, the new government destroyed all of the remaining posters that could be found. The possession of any such material was considered treason. But some of the Republican and Bolshevik posters were smuggled out of the country and are reproduced here—a graphic commentary on a little-publicized phase of modern European history.

★ ★ ★

Before the end of the war, the territory of the Kingdom of Hungary equaled in size the area represented by the states of Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee. This land was inhabited by more than a dozen different peoples over whom the Magyars ruled. After four and a half years of war the different nationalities wanted autonomy and the soldiers peace. All authority broke down. The political groups that were advocating peace at any price became more and more convinced that the country must give way to the revolutionary policy advocated by Count Mihály Károlyi and his followers. Leaders of the bourgeoisie and the mass of the workers rallied around Károlyi until the public opinion of the country compelled King Charles to abdicate. On November 13, 1918 the King signed his letter of abdication. The storm of popular indignation had swept away the Hapsburgs.

The revolutions which broke out simultaneously in Austria and Germany fortified the movement in Hungary and on November 16, 1918 the Hungarian People's Republic of which Count Károlyi became the first and last president, was proclaimed. It was to live 124 days.

Hunger-driven soldiers returned to their homes to find even greater privation than they had experienced in the trenches. Their first demand was for a bonus. War had depleted the treasury of its gold reserve; the factories

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PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC

"We Want a Red Parliament! Vote the Social-Democratic Ticket"

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PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC

Funeral Oration for the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy

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PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC

"*Lukacsics!*" (*Name of a much-hated general*)

were at a standstill; the land lay fallow. The government had no money, but the demands of the ex-soldiers became more and more threatening. At first the government tried to disarm them, later it resorted to the printing press. Inflation began.

The Republican government hoped for a Wilsonian peace. At the same time, the three major groups of the national minorities, the Slovaks, the Rumanians and the Croates, took their fate in their own hands, separated from Hungary and joined Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia respectively. In their actual execution of the Wilsonian principle of self-determination of the people the Hungarians saw the dismemberment of their country. The Republican government was forced to turn nationalistic overnight. Irredentist posters soon covered the walls of Budapest, proclaiming the government's determination to defend the territorial integrity of the country. The recently pronounced words of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" were soon drowned out by the resounding shouts of protest. The star of Wilson fell as quickly as it had risen and was replaced by the five star emblem of Bolshevism

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PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC

"In the Name of His Majesty"

through the help of Russian money and propaganda.

Under the leadership of Béla Kun, the Communist party was organized on the Bolshevist model. Béla Kun, from his prison cell, claimed the armed assistance of Russia in case Hungary went bolshevistic. Count Károlyi who had proclaimed again and again his pacifism and his absolute faith in the justice of Wilson and the Allies, was pushed to the wall and forced to resign. The Socialists went to Béla Kun in prison. With him they concluded an agreement whereby they, with the Communists, were to establish jointly the Soviet Republic of Hungary whose first task was to be the organization of a Red Army to repel the invaders. On March 20, 1919, the newspapers of Hungary published false reports of the approaching Russian army and on the night of March 21, Béla Kun left jail to proclaim the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The people were not communistic, they were nationalistic. They did not know of the theories of Marx and Lenin, but they did know that enemy forces were pouring into different parts of the country. From the south, the

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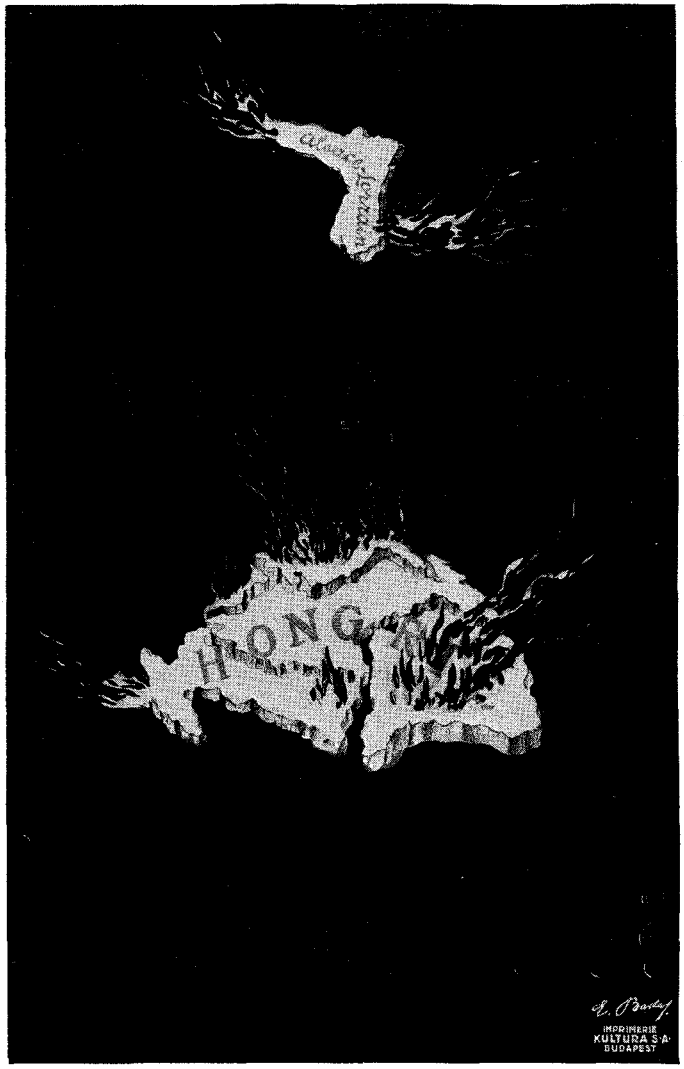

PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC

"Do You Want Four Alsaces?"

JULY, 1938

51

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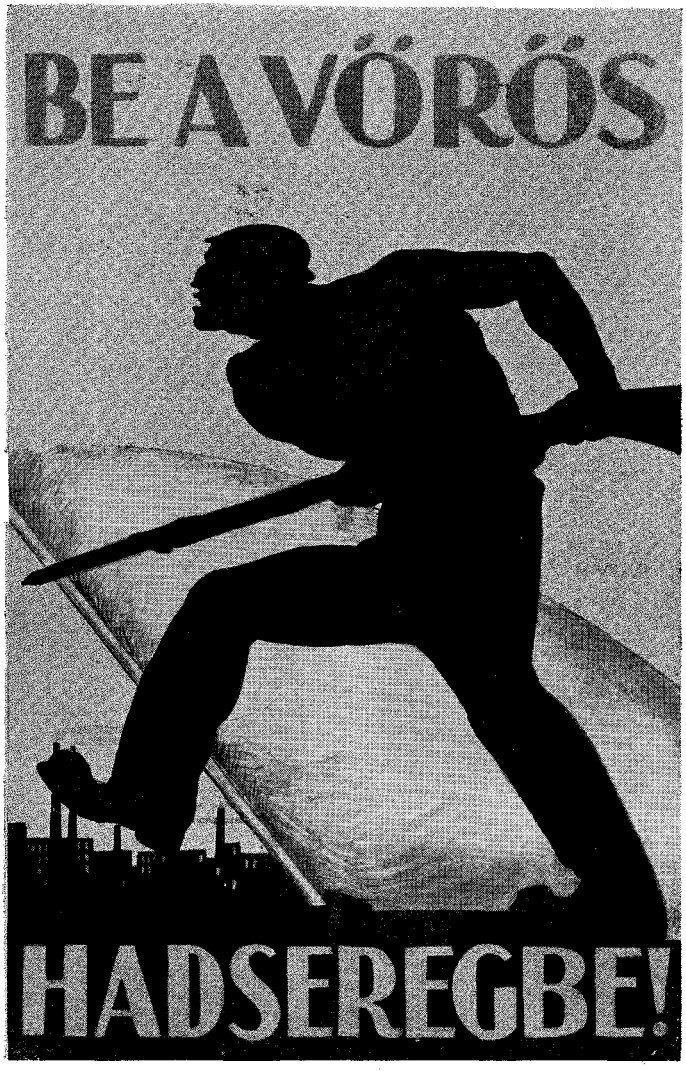

BOLSHEVIK REGIME

"Join the Red Army!"

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BOLSHEVIK REGIME

"Let Us Work!"

Serbs and Croates; from the north, the Czechs and Slovaks; and from the east, the Rumanians invaded a defenseless and demoralized country.

The street became the political arena and the walls of the houses, sounding boards. Blazing posters put up by the government propaganda bureau on the shabby walls roused the apathetic population, urging them to join the Red Army. The five-star emblem on the rosetta of the soldier's cap replaced the Republican symbol. Young and old soon marched to the rhythm of a new national anthem.

The Bolsheviks issued new orders by the hundreds. Private property was confiscated, churches and banks were nationalized, newspapers and theatres received their orders from the government.

On July 20, a sudden thrust of the Rumanian forces defeated the Red Army and when the Rumanians had crossed the river Tisza, they advanced rapidly toward Budapest. Threatened by the invading army and by a thoroughly disgusted and disillusioned population, the Soviet government resigned on August 1, 1919.

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BOLSHEVIK REGIME

"To Arms! To Arms!"

Under Admiral Horthy, a new national government was established. The street ceased to be the political forum of the Bolsheviks and became that of the national terrorists called the "Awakening Hungarians," the political forerunners of the Fascists.

The government was more concerned with fighting ghosts than facing realities. One of the first orders of the new regime was to destroy all of the posters of the preceding governments and all of the books written by Marx, Engels and their followers. Persecutions and executions were used to blot out every vestige of the Republican and Communist regimes.

To the Hungarians, nothing has changed. But Hungary like the rest of Europe is not stable. Frontiers are moved by ever-changing forces and by the sudden *volte face* of the political sympathies of the mixed racial groups.

During the short period of nine months Hungary served as a laboratory wherein the forces of Democracy, Communism and Fascism demonstrated their systems of government with their effects. Today, this experiment serves as a pattern for the world-wide struggle for supremacy between these movements. —GÉZA SCHUTZ

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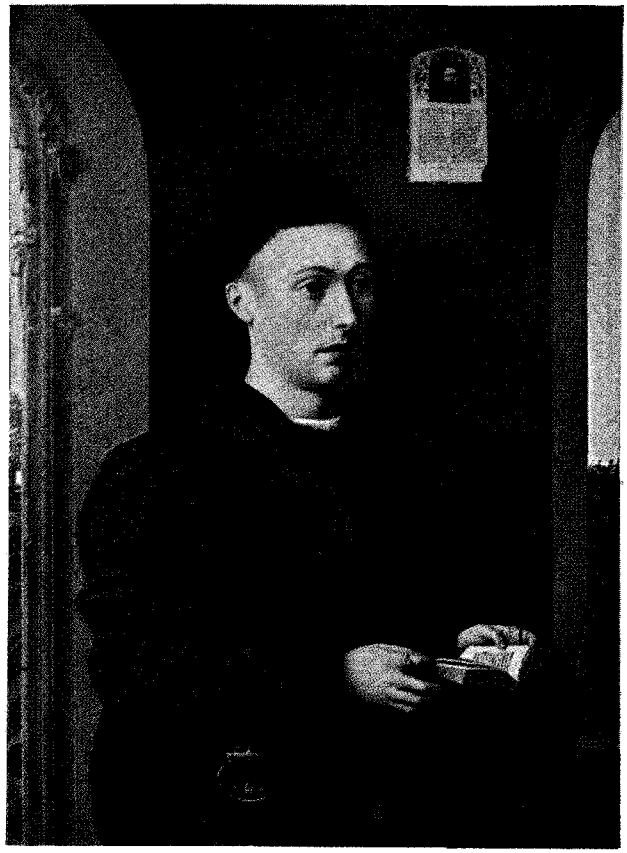

NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

PORTRAITS OF THE FLEMISH SCHOOL

Flemish painting advanced tremendously with the brothers Van Eyck. It was natural that Petrus Christus (*c.*1400-1472), of their century and nationality, should have aped their style, though he could not match their vitality. His *Portrait of a Young Man* is reproduced above.

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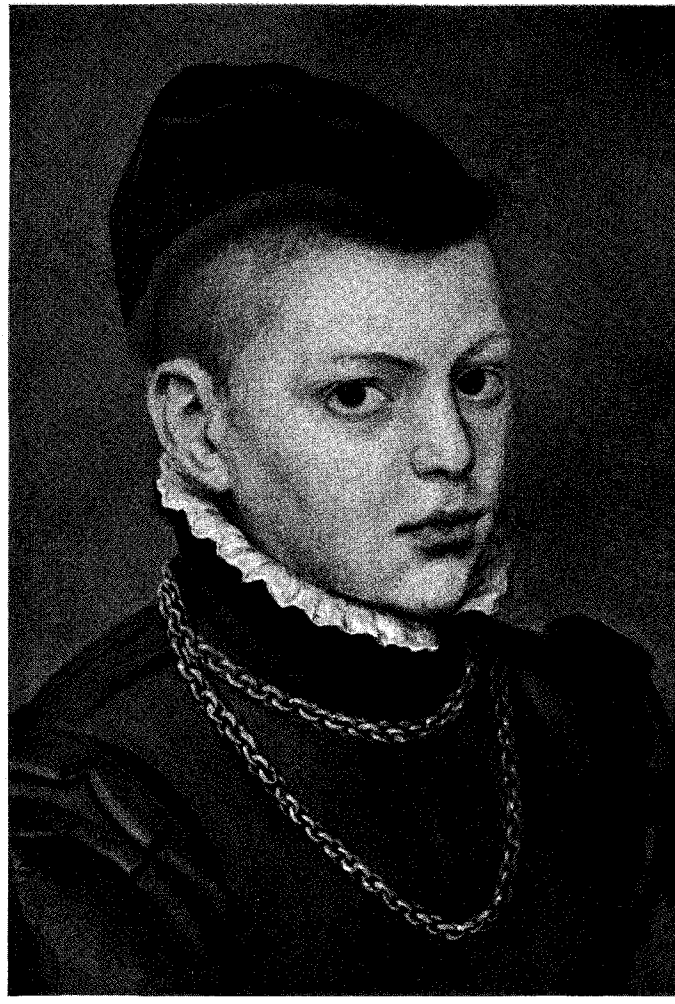

KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

PORTRAIT OF A BOY BY FRANS FLORIS

The son of a stonecutter and originally a sculptor, Frans Floris (1520-1570) journeyed across the Alps for his inspiration and appropriated in turn the styles of the schools of Lombardy, Florence and Rome. He was engaged in a painting of the Resurrection when he died.

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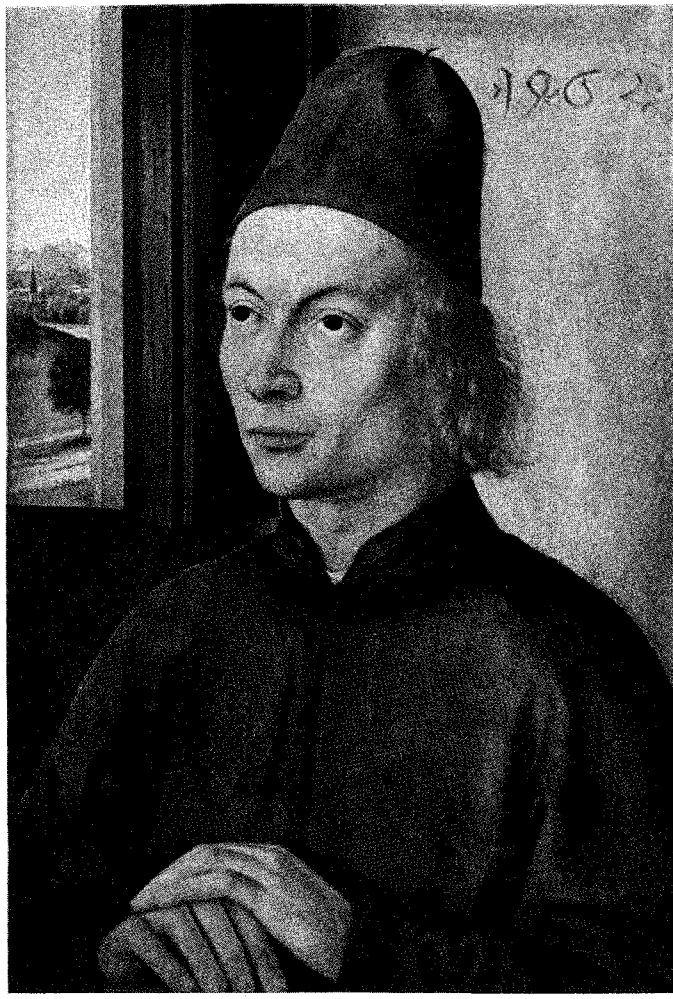

NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

PORTRAIT OF A MAN BY DIRK BOUTS

A follower of the Van Eycks, Dirk Bouts (1410-1475) was one of the foremost early Flemish painters. He never overcame, however, a tendency toward stolidity in the expressions of his figures, not merely in portraits but even in his favorite panoramas of fear and horror.

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THE LOUVRE, PARIS

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND BY VAN DYCK

Anton van Dyck (1599-1641) was Rubens' star pupil and a full member of the Antwerp guild of painters before he was nineteen. His personality was as brilliant as his talent, and when he settled in London in 1632 commissions and honors of every kind were his for the taking.

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THE INDIAN HANNIBAL

STATESMAN AND WARRIOR, TECUMSEH WAS A FOE ALMOST TOO WORTHY OF THE WHITE MAN'S STEEL

BRAVEST and wisest of all red leaders who raised the hatchet of warfare against the white men was Tecumseh the Shawnee, who was born in 1768 in the Indian village Piqua on the banks of Mad River in the Miami Valley, near present-day Springfield, Ohio, one year before Chief Pontiac was assassinated. No doubt Tecumseh heard of Pontiac's Conspiracy when he was a youth, for it was celebrated in Indian legend, but before the end of the century he was himself to be responsible for an even wider confederation of Indian tribes than the Ottawa chief had been able to effect. As Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, was raised to hate Rome and to strive to destroy it, so did Tecumseh—whose name means "shooting star"—grow up to hate fiercely the white invaders and to toil relentlessly to drive them from the lands of the redmen.

From his childhood Tecumseh felt the tremendous pressure which the white settlers exerted upon the red nations that barred the way to expansion westward. Fierce and troublesome as were his people they were contending for their homes and their fields. Savage and ruthless though they could be they were slowly being overwhelmed by a people superior in the arts of war. And the aggressions of the white foe were often as wanton as the redman's.

In 1774 a series of shameful "incidents" against the Indians caused a new frontier war and at the battle of Kanawa, Tecumseh's father, who was a minor Shawnee chief, was killed. Thus at the age of six young Tecumseh was orphaned by the hated palefaces.

Before he was twenty his oldest brother, who had been his teacher and guide since the death of their father, was killed. Desirous of winning fame as warriors, the two brothers and a party of braves had gone on a hunting and warring expedition, journeying several hundred miles in their quest for adventure. They finally joined the Cherokees in the south and warred on the whites there. Then Cheeseekau, the elder brother, was killed.

For the next two years Tecumseh remained in the southlands, acquainting himself with the languages and customs of other tribes, warring on

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the settlements, distinguishing himself as a leader worthy of his father. His coolness under fire, his wise battle tactics, and above all the confidence he inspired in his braves made him a warrior to be respected. He did not return to Ohio until 1790.

★ ★ ★

In Chief Pontiac's day the British, new masters of Canada, had been the enemies of the Indians, and Pontiac had looked to the French for aid. Now, thirty years later, the French were no longer on the continent. The Americans, having defeated the British in the Revolutionary War, were pressing the Indians, while the British, now confined to Canada, pretended to be the friends of the redman —as long as they remained hostile to the American whites.

By treaty the Northwest Territory belonged to the thirteen colonies; in fact, however, the British still held on to their military posts and encouraged the Indians to resist the Americans, occasionally even furnishing the savages with arms and supplies.

To repair the damage of previous American setbacks General Anthony Wayne, called "mad" by the Indians because he seemed to march night and day and never stop to rest, was sent to the frontier. Where his predecessor had suffered defeat Wayne daringly built a post which he named Fort Recovery.

In an early skirmish Wayne's men suffered a reverse. Then, reinforced, Wayne maneuvered as though intending to attack in one direction and suddenly turned and moved off in another. At the mouth of the Au Glaize Wayne built Fort Defiance. Then he offered peace to the Indians. But the Miami, the Potawatomies, the Delawares, the Chippewas, the Ottawas, the Senecas, and the Shawnees decided to fight.

Tecumseh led a wing of the Shawnees. But Wayne used mounted men to advance and infantry with fixed bayonets to drive the Indians from cover. The battle turned to a rout as the white men drove the enemy before them. By nightfall, Sauwaseekau, another of Tecumseh's brothers, was dead. The battle itself was a numbing blow to Indian power.

On August 3, 1795, under Wayne's direction, the Treaty of Greenville was signed. All the chiefs signed—except Tecumseh, who refused to attend the peace council. When he heard of the terms—large tracts of land in present-day Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan being ceded to the whites—he protested the treaty was not valid: Indian land, he declared, was common property and could only be given away or sold by the consent of all the chiefs; and *all* the chiefs had not signed the treaty!

★ ★ ★

It was about this time that the plan of the confederation took root in Tecumseh's mind. The Americans represented thirteen united colonies, or the *council-fires* of thirteen states, The Indians, too, should unite and

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they should sue for their rights as a group of united council-fires or nations. Circumstances helped him with his plans.

Tecumseh's younger brother, Laulewasikaw, was one of twins and was therefore supposed to possess supernatural powers. Furthermore, he suffered fits and went into trances where he enjoyed strange dreams, which he recounted when he awakened. Laulewasikaw claimed he had had experiences in the spirit world—

An aged prophet of the Shawnees died at this time and Laulewasikaw became his successor. Soon he took a new name to signify his maturity of power: Teuskwatawa, he called himself, meaning "the Open Door," to intimate he would deliver his people. Ugly, one-eyed, but an orator, though not dignified like his brother, the Prophet flattered the Shawnees, ventured predictions carefully and drew many followers to him. On occasion he retired to commune with the Great Spirit. From a magic bowl, a sacred torch and a belt of beans which he claimed had grown from his flesh, he drew his powers.

The Prophet preached: Cast away the habits of white people. Return to the old-time buckskin; cast away the white man's wool and linen. Return to the bow and arrow; cast away the white man's gun. Return to the flesh of the deer and buffalo; give up the taste of the white man's cattle and sheep. Return to the maize of the redman; cast away the wheat of the white man. Return to the marriage customs of the Indian; do not accept white husbands for red women. Above all, give up the white man's poisonous firewater.

Of course, the Prophet had enemies. But he confounded them and had a number put to death for witchcraft!

In April, 1807 there were four hundred Indian braves about the Prophet at Greenville. Tecumseh and his brother were asked to come to Fort Wayne to listen to news from the white man's capital city, but they refused to go. Autumn of that year there were eight hundred braves in Greenville, every warrior carrying a new rifle, procured from the British, no doubt. Finally American commissioners came to visit the Prophet. Tecumseh added his assurances to Teuskwatawa's: their intentions were only peaceful.

Together with other chiefs they finally went to Chillicothe, Ohio, personally to assure the governor they wanted only peace. Tecumseh, however, delivered a three-hour oration in which he pleaded for peace but, at the same time, stood adamant on his insistence that the Treaty of Greenville was no valid treaty. All the preparations which the white men saw and suspected were made only for religious reasons, he claimed.

Then in the spring of 1808 Tecumseh and the Prophet left Greenville with their followers and went to Indiana. At the junction of the Wa-

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bash and the Tippecanoe Rivers they began to build a new town for the headquarters of Tecumseh's proposed confederacy. On one side they had the wilderness for defense; on the other, rivers by which to communicate with adjacent, as well as distant, tribes.

Governor William Henry Harrison, later to become President of the United States, came to confer with the Prophet and to learn his plans. Whatever he learned apparently could not dissuade the white men from the old treaty-making technique: on September 30, 1809 at Fort Wayne a few tribes ceded to the white men three million acres of land, one hundred miles on either side of the Wabash River, including in the parcel some of the best hunting lands. Many of the tribes who had hitherto opposed Tecumseh's scheme of confederacy now, in disgust with white tactics, joined him wholeheartedly. The whole tribe of Wyandottes, powerful warriors, came over to the Prophet.

All the rest of the year bitterness filled the Indians. Charges of deception were leveled against the white men and the return of the lands was demanded. The British, delighted with the turn of events, begged Tecumseh to hold his people back, not to strike prematurely. Teuskwatawa continued to preach against the vicious habits into which the Indians had fallen, while Tecumseh continued to travel among the neighboring tribes, boldly pointing out the value of a united people against a common enemy.

In the summer of 1810 Tecumseh went down the Wabash, accompanied by a party of four hundred warriors, as befitted his rank as chieftain, to see the governor at Vincennes. Dramatically he refused to sit on the governor's portico in the capital. "The earth is my mother," he declaimed, "and on her bosom will I repose!" So all met in a near-by grove.

Eloquently, Tecumseh charged the Fort Wayne Treaty was illegal. Then boldly, as he saw he could gain little here, he admitted his plans for a redman's confederacy.

Once again Tecumseh came to Vincennes but he was only playing for time while he cemented the structure of his confederacy: he could not persuade the white men to leave these lands and as long as they remained neighbors his people would be in danger of dispossession at the next treaty council. When he returned to Tippecanoe the chieftain set off for the southlands to visit the Creeks and the Choctaws and to persuade them into his confederacy.

There is the legend that to one chief in Alabama who was reluctant to join him Tecumseh uttered a threat that when he returned to the north he would stamp his feet and the houses in this Alabama village would shake and fall. Shortly thereafter, to the amazement of the Indians, there was a great rumbling and houses *did fall*. Perhaps Tecumseh did stamp his feet —but the New Madrid earthquake

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was responsible for the collapse of the Indians' houses. So did Tecumseh become a hero and a legend.

★ ★ ★

Meantime, knowing Tecumseh was away, General Harrison considered the wisdom of an attack on Tippecanoe before the confederacy should become an uncontrollable menace. In October he left Vincennes with his army. In November he arrived at Tippecanoe, hoping at least to intimidate the Indians.

But the Prophet saw an opportunity to cover himself with glory. He had always been envious of the military prowess of his brother Tecumseh. Before dawn of November 7, he ordered a surprise attack, promising that his braves would not be harmed by the soldiers' bullets. But the attack failed and Harrison's men beat the Indians back. . . . When Tecumseh returned from his southern trip Tippecanoe was in ruins and his brother in disgrace.

But the Shawnee chief, at least outwardly, admitted of no dismay. He offered to go to Washington to present his claims to the President but when he was told he would have to go alone, without a retinue of warriors to support his rank, he declined to go. Now, more than ever, Tecumseh saw the necessity of co-operating with the British. Perhaps they could together beat back the foe. So he went on to Detroit and pledged his allegiance to the British cause against the Americans. On June 18, 1812, the United States Congress declared war against Great Britain.

Tecumseh fought valiantly on the British side and was a loyal ally. He commanded the Indians in several minor engagements and when Detroit was captured from the Americans, marched in at the head of his braves.

On October 5 began the battle of the Thames. The British were routed and the Indians, who fought with greater valor than their white allies, fled from the field only when Chief Tecumseh fell mortally wounded. It is related that the Shawnee leader, forty-four years old when he died, had suffered a presentiment that his body would remain on this battlefield. The Prophet, who was no fighting man, survived him by twenty years.

Many claimed to have fired the shot that had brought down the greatest statesman the red race ever produced. Stories multiplied that he was scalped on the field, others that his body was flayed by the frontiersmen who hated him and that his skin was made into razor-straps. Sweeter tales recounted of a secret burial for the slain chieftain. . . . But Tecumseh the Shawnee was dead. Other chiefs would in later years rise against the white men but none would have the oratory of Tecumseh nor the imagination and leadership that had welded together a confederation of tribes from the western plains to the eastern mountains, from the northern lakes to the southern gulf.

—Philip Paul Daniels

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A NOTE ON GLINKA

EVEN WHEN SHORN OF HIS LEGEND, MUCH YET REMAINS TO THE FATHER OF RUSSIAN MUSIC

GLINKA is the George Washington of Russian music. Its father, founder, "prophet-patriarch," he was the first to write a Russian opera, first to throw off foreign domination and sire a Russian school of composers, first in the hearts of his countrymen. Difficult as it is to determine, for example, exactly when music written in Germany became Teutonic, Russian music definitely became Russian in 1836, the year of the first performance of Glinka's *A Life for the Tsar*. Before then, there was only the wild and melancholy folk song and the liturgy of the Greek Catholic Church. Native musical expression in an art-form did not exist. Not one piece of essentially Russian music had been produced by an educated or even a semi-educated composer.

Along with Pushkin, Dostoievsky, Gogol and Ostrovski, Glinka participated in an acute artistic awakening. At a time when cultured Russians spoke in French and sang in Italian, Glinka thought in Russian and tried to write music "that will make my countrymen feel at home." Not only did he succeed, but his music served as a stimulus—a model even—for the long line of Russian composers who came after him. His orchestral innovations anticipate Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff. In his "picturesque-fantasy," *Kamarinskaya*, he set the pattern for all subsequent treatments of the Russian folk tune. He used first the Greek liturgical wholetone scale that triumphed in Moussorgsky and came to world-fame with Debussy. The theme of his *Jota Aragonesa* was used by Balakireff and, because of it, Rimsky-Korsakoff wrote his *Spanish Caprice*.

Innumerable Russian operas may be traced back to him: historical dramas to *A Life for the Tsar*, and legendary tales to *Russlan and Ludmilla*. In the latter, he introduces naturally and spontaneously, for the first time, exotic oriental colors—harmonic and rhythmic patterns—that occur again and again in Russian music from *Prince Igor* and *Scheherezade* to the *Fire-bird* and Shostakovich's fifth symphony. Authorities have even gone so far as to declare that the "whole movement in taste known as Russian Ballet is implicit in the pages of *Russlan*."

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Whether that is true or not, Glinka certainly established music as an expression of national feeling. *A Life for the Tsar* was for eighty years, until the Revolution, the most popular opera in Russia. No festival was complete without it. Each season the Imperial Opera opened with it, the Tsar and the court in attendance. Young children were nursed on its melodies. Rimsky-Korsakoff tells in the first pages of his autobiography that his mother sang airs from it, and that his first inspiration to write music was prompted by its famous duet. "There were no bounds to my enthusiasm for and worship of this man of genius," he wrote later. "What a knowledge of voices and instruments! With avidity I imbibed all his methods."

"A colossal talent," wrote Tchaikovsky, "worthy to stand beside all that is loftiest and most profound in musical art. The germ of all Russian symphonic works lies in *Kamarinskaya*, as the oak tree lies in the acorn. For long years to come, Russian composers will drink at this source."

So much, every annotator knows. The figure of Glinka has atrophied into a landmark before which even learned musicians stop to doff their hats. The uncritical Russians have written of him in the manner of good curates speaking of a cardinal, and musical commentators have, for the most part, echoed their praises. But how well do we really *know* his scores? How often have we heard them, and under what conditions? Can you say how significant he really is? Is he a world figure or is this hullabaloo about him mostly bunk?

As with George Washington, perhaps it is seven-eighths fiction and one-eighth fact. Did not a lucky coincidence—certain qualities in him, and certain needs in Russian musical life a century ago—enable him to start a movement that would have been impossible for a composer five times as talented in a country with a highly developed musical life? How important in itself is his neglected album on the shelf of the world's music?

Not important enough to be exhumed, I should say. There are wonderful moments, yes, an inspired chorus, a melody that catches fire, but neither of his operas is vital enough to stand transplanting nor to command attention for all time. They may succeed in Russia but not with Western audiences. The librettos are too long and idiotic. Whole sections of the music were written first and the words fitted in afterward. Today much of it seems naïve, often elementary in workmanship and instrumentation.

Like so many early Russian creators —especially musicians—Glinka remained essentially a talented amateur, a composer who, among a mass of worthless music, occasionally turned out a striking and original passage—astonishing in the light of his environment and training.

He was no Beethoven or Wagner imposing himself on circumstances, molding them to his will, and hacking

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away difficulties. Nor was he a Bach or a Mozart, accepting forms as he found them yet working such miracles within those forms, that one is scarcely conscious of them.

His enthusiasms were those of a dilettante: his impulse to write a Russian opera came because he was lonely in a foreign country. His moments of genuine artistic insight are lucky hits rather than the result of harnessed inspiration.

An aristocrat, handsome and dark-eyed, he was high-strung, self-willed and imperious. Morbidly sensitive to criticism, he played the piano indifferently, the violin worse. He was superstitious, believing he would die if he saw three candles burning. He was always ill in fact or imagination: his *Memoirs* are a catalogue of drugs, a roll of physicians.

His colorless life ended in Berlin in 1857, an ikon pressed to his lips. The body was returned to St. Petersburg and buried in the Nevsky Monastery.

★ ★ ★

It was only after his death that Glinka became known as a reformer and an innovator. During his lifetime he typified the familiar Russian figure in music: of genius partly realized, of pent-up forces lying dormant in semi-oriental indolence. His work was uneven—weakly constructed, fresh and exuberant, but without the substance and the architecture of enduring masterpieces.

Yet he gave direction to the path others were to make into a broad road. He trod first the highway that to this day attracts the Western music-lover. It starts in a land of melancholy and mysticism. It passes a vigorous and exotic landscape peopled with brooding and semi-barbaric pagans. It ends at the doorstep of their souls.

—CARLETON SMITH

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 27-28

1. B	11. C	21. A	31. B	41. A
2. C	12. A	22. C	32. C	42. B
3. B	13. A	23. A	33. C	43. C
4. A	14. B	24. C	34. A	44. B
5. A	15. B	25. C	35. A	45. C
6. B	16. C	26. C	36. A	46. B
7. C	17. C	27. B	37. B	47. C
8. B	18. A	28. B	38. A	48. A
9. B	19. B	29. A	39. B	49. B
10. A	20. A	30. B	40. C	50. A

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ONCE HE HAD A FRIEND

A MAN'S BEST FRIEND CAN BE ALMOST ANYBODY, OR ANYTHING, IF HE NEEDS ONE BADLY ENOUGH

ONCE when he was very poor he had a friend, a little mouse. Nor was it a special kind of mouse either; only a little grey mouse with long whiskers and a bare, repulsive tail, such as you would expect to find in a rooming house where you live in a space just large enough for a bed, a desk, a couple of chairs and a sink.

The first time he saw his little friend was one night while working at his desk and, at the same time, eating of a piece of bread and salami. The bread was stale and when he bit into it a piece of crust flew across the room, landing on the floor close by a tiny hole in the baseboard. Then he saw the two glittering, pinhead eyes and the shiny whiskers and knew it was a mouse.

He turned his head away. What was one little mouse when the building probably housed hundreds? He tried to work, but the sight of the mouse had scattered his thoughts and he could no longer concentrate. He was angered at the little mouse now. The dry bread caught in his throat so he could not swallow and he got up for a glass of water. As he approached the sink the mouse scurried back into the hole. He brought the glass filled with water back to the desk with him and waited.

In a little while the mouse stuck its head out again. With a quick movement he let the glass fly, water and all. It struck the baseboard with a terrific crash heard all through the house and splashed water all over the wall. The mouse ducked back untouched. He got up and cursed. In a few seconds he could hear the landlady coming up the stairs. She pounded on the door.

"Hey! Hey, in there! What's going on?"

"Nothing," pulling the door open. "It was nothing, only a mouse."

The landlady stood in the doorway looking at the water-stained wall and the mess of broken glass.

"See here," she said, "I can't have things like this going on. People are trying to sleep in this house."

He felt embarrassed.

"I know. But this was an especially annoying mouse."

The landlady shook her head.

"If you could pay two dollars a

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week more I'd clean up your room and take care of all the mice like I do for the others . . ."

"I can't afford to pay more. About the mouse?"

"All right, I'll get something—but don't let me hear you throw any more glasses."

When the landlady's steps died away he dropped back into his chair once more. The encounter left him curiously weak and exhausted, and his eyes pained him. He leaned over the desk with his head in his arms. There was no telling just how it would all end up: throwing a glass of water at a mouse! He was probably going nuts. He could tell by her look the landlady thought he was nuts for sure.

It occurred to him how many times while he was struggling at his desk the landlady would hang over the railing in the hall and yell down three flights of stairs to the postman or the insurance collector or somebody else. Sometimes the conversation would go on for a half-hour, this hollering back and forth, with the landlady not willing to go down and the other person not willing to come up. And during all this he would sit there with his hands over his ears, shaking his head back and forth until he felt something inside must surely burst and cause him to let loose with a wild yell and grab the landlady by the throat.

After all, there was a limit to everyone's ability to endure torment patiently. When this limit was reached an act of violence was inevitable. Now take a similar situation, made so much stronger, dressed up with all the frills, well rounded out. Boy, what a story would result! Such was the very stuff of literature, the pulse-beat of life! A drama of human emotion, the embryo of which existed in every living person!

He began to feel himself tingle. He forgot about the mouse and the broken glass and the landlady and spread several sheets of paper before him, tearing up what he had already written.

Several hours later with shooting pains in his eyes and a cramp in his fingers he stopped writing and went to bed. He felt calm and at peace with himself now, as though in the process of transcribing his thoughts to paper all the misery flowed out of him leaving only the dull, senseless throbbing of being. But before switching off the light he remembered something and got up. The mouse had eaten the crust. Smiling he put down another and much larger crust.

In the morning he got up early and went out to buy a couple of rolls for breakfast. Opening the door of his room on his return, he saw the mouse sitting outside the hole and looking up at him, as though anticipating another crust of bread.

"Hello, mouse," he said.

He made coffee and sat down to breakfast. He picked up a roll, stuck his finger way inside, pulled out some of the soft dough and tossed it to the

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mouse. The mouse nibbled away immediately. It was really a nice little mouse after all. He felt sorry for having thrown the glass of water at it. But then, had it not been for that they would probably never have become acquainted. All was for the best.

But no more foolishness! There was work to be done. He read over what he had written. It was not bad. Reading over a second time he liked it still better. "What a guy can do with his head when he sets his mind to it!" he postulated to the mouse. It was sort of pleasant having something alive in the room to talk to when he felt like talking. He applied himself to the story with enthusiasm.

After a few days the mouse became very friendly. It no longer leaped back into the hole when he walked around the room, but sat in the middle of the floor on its hind legs like a squirrel with its soft light belly exposed and rubbing its front legs together very much unconcerned. He could reach out now and feed it from his hand, and the mouse was careful not to nibble his finger. When he worked he could hear the mouse running back and forth across the room and the sound of the little feet scratching the linoleum was comforting. When he thought of this though, he could not help feeling a bit ashamed to have to resort to the companionship of a mouse for comfort. Yet he could not resist saying, "Hello, mouse!" every time he entered the room. Nor could he avoid feeling a trifle worried if the mouse did not appear promptly.

In a little better than a week he finished the story. There it lay neatly typed with a title page and his name at the top. It looked so much better in type than in longhand, as though the fact of its having been done on a machine brought it that much closer to his vision of actual publication. He felt better about the two dollars he gave the girl who typed the story. Two dollars was a lot of money, but the girl had so much trouble figuring out his handwriting it was almost worth it. Anyway he had three dollars left—that would keep him for a while.

He sent the story on its way. "And a pleasant trip to you," he called after it into the mail box. That was the way to do it: ship it off to the best magazine he could think of. If it clicked, so much the better. If it didn't, what the hell! It wasn't the first time he'd had a story come back.

The next couple of days he spent at the library reading. At noon he went over to the Automat across the street and ate a cheese sandwich and a cup of coffee, never forgetting to break off a little piece of cheese and put it in his pocket for the mouse. Then he would return to the library, read all afternoon and at night go home. There he would talk a while to the mouse, have maybe a can of soup and some bread and go to sleep. He had absolutely no desire to work. Nothing availed to stir him. He moved about in a kind of torpor.

What struck him particularly after

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his first day at the library was the fact that from early morning until he went to bed he had not spoken a word to anybody except the mouse. There was something individual, superior about this which pleased him.

After a while it became a disease, this business of not talking to anybody. Whenever he went into a store to buy something he would point at what he wanted. And he always ate at the Automat because he did not have to ask for anything. Only it happened the landlady passed him on the stairs once and gave him a sour "hello" and he was forced to return the greeting as he was several days behind with his rent and could not afford to ignore her. But he was keenly annoyed and rushed into the street disgusted. Then another peculiarity developed. Whenever he passed a pretty girl who glanced at him more than half interestedly he would stick out his tongue and scowl at her in such fashion that the poor girl rushed off frightened. This amused him greatly until one girl cried aloud, "There goes a crazy man!" and in a few seconds a crowd gathered around him. He could never forget the sensation of terror which gripped him at that moment.

Then one morning it came: a letter in a strange envelope. He read the name on the reverse side and a cry broke on his lips. His excitement reached such a pitch he was scarcely able to tear open the envelope. When he did, his eyes read through a mist the brief note of acceptance and the check written out for fifty dollars. For a long time he could only stand with his mouth open, uttering hoarse, inarticulate sounds.

The landlady came out.

"What's the matter?" grasping his arm.

"Look!" waving the check under her nose.

And she said, "That's nice. Only I thought something was the matter."

He looked at her puzzled and then laughed.

"It's all right. Everything is all right," patting her shoulder. It was useless to try to make the landlady understand.

Out in the street he was sure he had never felt so happy in his life. He smiled at people and was almost tempted to stop one man just to tell him of the wonderful thing that had happened. No! he would keep it to himself. It was secret. And he walked along with that little inward smile of satisfaction which left no doubt in anyone's mind that here was a man who really had something to be happy about.

The first thing to do was take care of the landlady. She was all in a flutter when he pressed ten dollars into her hand: four dollars for the week he owed, four in advance and two for her to do the cleaning and keep the room in order. Ten whole dollars! And he handed it over just like that.

Out in the street again. The sunlight caressed his face and the precious warmth of the winter day merged

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with the warmth of his inner happiness. Now he was somebody—and with forty dollars in his pocket! If only there were someone close to him. Suddenly he realized with a sharp pain there was no one with whom he could share his happiness; that he was completely alone.

Aimlessly he wandered about the city. For lunch he went into a well-known restaurant and ordered a full course meal such as he had not had in a long time. The food was good, but in its flavor there was lacking that quality he had imagined when eating bread and salami.

The waiter brought a piece of apple pie for dessert. On top rested a little square of cheese. Almost unconsciously he put the cheese in his pocket. Then he remembered. The mouse! He had forgotten all about his little friend, the mouse. And here he had given the landlady two dollars without thinking! Without waiting to eat the pie he paid the check and left.

A few minutes later he was running breathlessly up the stairs of the rooming house. First he hesitated with his hand on the knob, and then pushed open the door. It was as he feared: the landlady had stuffed up the hole with a rag. He got down on his hands and knees and looked under the bed and around the floor. The mouse was not there. He pulled the rag out of the hole and waited. It was no use. He began to curse and then fell silent, realizing his own foolishness. Anyway, he determined to find out what happened to the mouse.

Downstairs the landlady was already waiting for him. When he came near she said:

"I thought it was you running up like that. Here, I have something to show you—" and she held out a spring-trap with the mouse in it—dead. The spring had caught the mouse right in the middle, bending the body into a semicircle so that its head was raised high, in an attitude of great agony.

"Sooner or later I always get them," said the landlady proudly. "You won't be troubled by this mouse any more."

"No, I guess not," he said.

When he was alone again he sat on the edge of the bed and laughed. He remembered all the mice he had known as a child and all he had killed and swung in the air by their tails and laughed some more. But his laughter came back to him from across the room with a strange mimicking sound and he knew he could not truthfully say to himself that this was his laughter and it came from inside of him . . .

Later he rose, stretched his arms over his head and yawned. He felt of the crisp bills in his pocket with a chuckle of satisfaction. It was amazing how being poor and lonely made one sentimental: even to the point of becoming attached to a mouse. He decided to go out to celebrate his resurrection from poverty.

—Guido D'Agostino

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He is the one we should elect;
His platform's fine, he knows the tricks—
Of course you know you can't expect
A gentleman in politics.

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ARE YOU A PROBLEM PARENT?

A FEW UNVARNISHED SENTIMENTS ABOUT THIS BUSINESS OF CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

MODERN parents are getting ready for a coup. This child dictator business has about reached its limit. From now on the child psychologists might well turn their attention toward working on problem parents.

The modern trend of allowing children to express themselves from the ripe age of one year up is, I believe, one of the most exploded theories of our times. The path of least resistance may turn out to be the road to ruin.

How is it possible for children to meet the bigger problems in life if they are not made to finish what they start? Children of today are too much in the spotlight. They should be in the supporting cast.

I was calling on a friend not long ago and little Junior was so in evidence that I was made to feel like a stand-in for Shirley Temple. I actually started a sentence four times and was interrupted by him because he wanted to say something. Did his mother reprimand him? No—she pacified him.

A few months ago a friend of mine was having quite a siege with her child. She took her to a child psychologist and what do you suppose was the cure? Buy the child a new toy every day and keep her interested! The real treatment needed was for mother to go to work on little Lucy.

I know of another case of a child having been allowed to scribble on everything in reach, including the living room walls. Was he punished? Not at all. He must be allowed to express himself. Future Picasso!

A dentist in a western town told me of a mother who brought her five-year-old daughter to him. He could get nowhere with her, in fact could not even get her into the chair. The mother left in a much distracted state and said she would have father bring Susie back in the late afternoon. They arrived on schedule and neither the doctor nor father could get any place with her. Finally in sheer desperation father said: "Susie, if you don't stop this I shall spank you." Susie straightened up and looked her father square in the eye and said: "You don't dare spank me. I'm an only child, just think how you would feel if anything happened to me."

By this time friend doctor was

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seething. By some miracle they had inveigled Susie into a sitting position in the chair and the doctor went to work. All of a sudden Susie hauled off and hit him square in the face. Being one of the most patient individuals of my acquaintance and a man who exercises untold control, he nevertheless whisked Susie off the chair, turned her over his knee and gave her what was coming to her. He sat her back in the chair and told her that if he heard another word from her she could expect the same treatment. Needless to say Sue was put in her place and remained placid as a lamb. As the father was leaving he turned to the doctor and expressed his heartfelt thanks.

Nursery schools and kindergartens of today are excellent, except in one respect—children too often are allowed to do what they want to do when they want to do it, and are not disciplined. If Johnnie doesn't want to work in clay he can draw. If he is using crayons and gets tired of that he can move to the sand box. No attempt is made to make a child carry through a project. Isn't the very idea of this fundamentally wrong? If mother would rather stay in bed than get breakfast, does she do it? I guess not. If father would rather play golf than go to business, does he? Not too often, I hope.

I strongly feel that many of the young couples who rush to the divorce courts today were pampered children who cannot meet life because they have not been prepared to take it on the chin. How distraught mother and father are when daughter or son spring the divorce court on them, but let them think back ten or twenty years and in many cases they can blame only themselves for the paths their children have followed.

One thing which always amuses me no end is to hear a mother say that she doesn't dare punish her child because she is afraid he will always hold it against her. I have had this argument presented to me many times. I know from experience that punishment for children when they are naughty does not turn them against a parent. They like to make you think so, for they are clever as sin. But stick to your point and see how much they respect you afterward. Let me add that a little birch on the legs every now and then works wonders.

I have three children. No children could love and respect anyone more than my children do me. I have never taken the path of least resistance with them. Many times they have nearly worn me down but they have never known it. Never let them, for therein lies their triumph.

Of course to let Mary and Johnnie have their own way and delude yourself into thinking they are expressing themselves is much the easiest path to take. It is a terrific effort to bring up children. But stay home from a few cocktail parties and try it for a change —and stop being a problem parent.

—GRACE VANDERBILT

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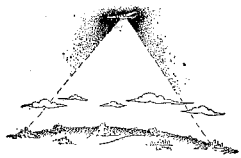
SEVEN MILES STRAIGHT UP

THE NEWEST CAMERA—NOT FOR AMATEURS—TAKES IN AN AREA OF 300 SQUARE MILES AT ONE WINK



SEVEN miles straight up, far higher than you can see, there might be a camera lens watching you. You wouldn't know that there was a plane up there. You couldn't see it, or hear it. But it could see you—in the most revealing detail. It could pick out the shirts hanging on your clothesline; pick out the short cut you take across your neighbor's lawn; record and expose a thousand things about you and the way you live.

Seven miles straight up, in a fantastic world that is neither earth nor sky, men can live, airplanes can fly and cameras can photograph the earth. More than ten thousand feet higher than the prevailing military airplane ceiling, commercial planes are squeezing a profit out of the substratosphere. There is no ulterior motive in it. They're not up there primarily to spy on you, but to help you. The aerial camera, the greatest peacetime development of its kind to come out of the World War, has become a powerful weapon in the war to restrain Nature.

Floods, dust storms, sinking farms and other symptoms of Nature on a rampage have always been regarded as something that just had to happen. When men began using Nature's secrets to keep these tremendous cataclysms within bounds, they branched out into a whole new line of research. One result of that research has been the knowledge that in order to understand what is going on in the earth's crust, under the swollen rivers and the choking clouds of dust, there is a certain perspective necessary.

From forty thousand feet things look different. Not only because they're smaller, but because the relationship of one object to another seems to change. Brilliant scientists can sit in their offices, now, and examine huge photographs taken from this killing altitude and the effect is the same as if they were temporarily detached from the world and were on the moon, for instance, examining the earth through a giant telescope.

Altitude is king. The incessant cry of the scientist is "higher! . . higher!" Aircraft engineers have designed queer-looking planes that can manage to reach altitudes that were only

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dreams a short time ago. And working with them appears a new sort of scientist who links all these efforts together. He is the high-altitude aerial explorer.

He is the man who actually risks his life to get up there and get the pictures that might save a thousand lives. He is a combination of a civil engineer, aeronautical engineer, pilot, expert photographer and navigator, and he has to have the constitution of a deep-sea diver as well.

He works with an instrument that looks no more like a camera than a Hudson-type locomotive. It is essentially a star telescope with a camera built into it. It uses the same principles that you might find in any observatory refracting telescope. It has nine or ten lenses, weighs about six hundred pounds, and has a keenness of vision five thousand times as powerful as your eye. From seven miles in the air this object can cut right through fog and ground haze and distance. This camera can wink once at the dim earth below and record every detail in three hundred *square miles* of the earth's surface.

These men live and work in a dizzy atmosphere of figures wherein reason rebels and formulas dance before the eyes. It is understandable that a plane can be stressed and supercharged to reach forty thousand feet because it's been done by military daredevils the world over. You can understand that, but when they tell you that they can enlarge one of these pictures to the size of a laboratory wall and then go at the enlargement with a reading glass to pick up footprints in a field of grass, it just sounds like somebody talking. It doesn't seem possible. But when they show you that identical feat, what are you going to do? Argue, and say it can't be done?

They tell you that this equipment will trace an underground trouble symptom for twenty miles across country, under rivers, through standing fields of grain three feet high and even right through towns. They go even further, and do it for you on enormous maps pieced together to scale like a jig-saw puzzle. You follow a geologist's pencil and see what he calls a "fault" running through the hills like a broken line, outcropping in ridges fifteen or twenty miles apart. That "fault" is some day going to cause a temblor along the whole ridge of hills, and then there will be disaster. Dams will crumble, bridges sway and fall, rivers will rise up and flood crowded cities. They know those things now, years in advance. They can stop it. This seven-mile photography is showing them how.

Practically the whole state of Arizona has been mapped this way, and several hundred thousand acres will be reclaimed from useless desert and used productively. The dust bowl, which took such an appalling toll, yielded up its secrets to this amazing camera, and it is being conquered.

If you were to be invited to go along on one of these "ceiling hops,"

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you would begin to realize why the job requires a sort of superman. The casual way the hangar crew pulls the ship out and starts its twin motors wouldn't indicate that anything unusual was about to occur. But as you stand there, watching, you'll see a tractor come chugging out of another building with a midget-sized boxcar trailing after it. The tractor stops alongside, and a hatchway in the cabin ceiling opens. Then the heavy camera, all six hundred pounds of it, is lifted out and swung high in the air, to be lowered gently into a steel mounting inside the ship with a block and tackle. Its electric drive is connected, its nine or ten shutters are tested, film is loaded from the ice chest and we're ready to take off.

At ten thousand feet the pilot will motion for the engineer at the camera to close the cabin ventilators. At twelve thousand, perhaps, he will start the droning, rumbling cabin heaters, whose fans produce a swirl and draft of air against you that is now hot, now icy cold. At twenty thousand feet they've settled down to a steady, breezy warmth. You hardly notice the presence of oxygen in the cabin's atmosphere. As the ship climbs, higher and yet higher, the hissing and whistling of the air jets on these steel tanks are the sole reminder that your life hangs by a slender thread.

The metal in the mountainous camera is so cold your hand will stick to it. Outside it is twelve below at twenty-five thousand feet. You press your face against the frosted window and you see nothing but a meaningless blur on the horizon. You can see land down there, but you can't see any cities or rivers or marks of identification. You could see a range of hills, but you'd have to use binoculars to find a city nestling in them.

At thirty thousand feet you can't even see the hills. The distant horizon blends with the brownish mass below you that seems to turn blue the farther you look. Up goes the altitude needle, wavering and trembling, fighting its slow way toward the halfway mark between thirty and forty. You don't notice any sense of climbing. The ship is apparently hanging there like a meteorite, standing still in the dark, forbidding sky. You get up and walk over to the photographer and begin looking at the baffling display of gages, lights, cranks, levers, meters and buttons on his instrument panel. The photographer gives you a penetrating look and increases the flow of oxygen.

Immediately, you feel refreshed and optimistic. You take a deep whiff of it, and smile. The dials mean something, now. One is the exposure dial that shows how much film is being used. There's a temperature dial.

"What? Sixty-one degrees below zero?"

"That's what she says," he'll answer without hesitation. "The altimeter shows thirty-eight thousand feet now. We're nearly there."

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He switches on an electric motor. That automatically trips the nine or ten shutters at the precise instant, winds fresh film into position, turns up a new number on the counting dials and lights two lights, one here and one beside the pilot. That's a warning to hold the ship level. When the shutter bangs shut with a metallic clatter, the light goes out.

He is adjusting the camera between his two sets of levels to make sure that it is pointing perfectly straight down. Occasionally he peers into the eyepiece of a telescope mounted on the side of the camera.

He'll stay up there for an hour, perhaps, until he has covered every square inch of the day's assignment. Then he signals the pilot to return.

Coming down from that altitude isn't like coming up out of a diving job. There is no long wait to accustom your body to changing pressures. The outside of the ship takes the punishment. Inside, you're comfortable. When you come down to ten thousand, the ventilators open, fresh air whistles in, and you can light a cigarette.

When the thick wheels touch the runways, you see the same buildings, the same indolent hangar crew coming to meet you, and a sense of return to normal. You can't understand how the pilot ever found his way back here, but as long as he did, you're satisfied. Looking back over your experience, you wonder whether the whole thing is over-rated.

That night, as the wet film comes out of the laboratory and begins to wind on the big revolving drying drums, you look at the hundreds of feet of broad negative curiously.

"Pretty good results on that flight," the engineers will tell you, happily. "You've covered about two thousand square miles in that two-hour trip. You don't believe it, eh? Well, take that magnifying glass. Look at this. Here's where the camera started, at Floyd Bennett Field. Here's where you switched off and started back—just south of Baltimore. You covered about a hundred miles on each side of the flight line."

A Hundred Miles? You capitalize the words in your own mind.

"Yeah. You always find something. Look here. See this guy running on the road down here by Verona, New Jersey? His garage is afire, see? He's just telephoned the alarm; here's the fire department, six miles away. It's just starting. Ten to one that garage is a total loss. Here's an airliner just pulling out of Camden airport, and a fellow jumping out of a taxi at the gate. He missed it."

You look at the great camera, astounded. All-seeing where your own eyes are powerless, hanging there in space like a ticking meteorite, giving groundlings the breadth of vision of a disembodied spirit, it seems to have a supernatural intellect behind each of those nine eyes. It seems to be grinning at you; daring you to doubt its occult powers.—KENT SAGENDORPH

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GODMOTHER OF COLUMNISTS

NOTHING EVER ESCAPED ANNE ROYALL'S ROVING EYE, AND SHE CALLED THEM AS SHE SAW THEM

AMERICAN journalism today is dominated by columnists peddling their wares chiefly from New York, Hollywood, and Washington, and though none of these writers may be aware of it, they owe a good deal to a little old lady who was making a nuisance of herself around Washington a century ago.

For it was Anne Newport Royall who first recognized the weakness of newspaper readers for plain everyday gossip about celebrities, and it was she who perfected the technique of personal journalism. She was the first American newspaper woman (all the Nelly Bly legends to the contrary) and she was the inventor of the interview.

No person, not even the president, was too big to be interviewed. While John Quincy Adams was in the White House, Anne Royall made several attempts to get his opinion of the controversial United States Bank. For several days Adams refused to see her. Then one morning after he had slipped down to the Potomac for a quiet swim, he chanced to look up, and there on the river bank, seated on his clothing, was Anne Royall. He paddled about with only his head above the water, for in those days bathing suits were unknown. With pencil poised, she gave her ultimatum: no statement, no clothing. Anne Royall got her interview, and John Quincy Adams his shoes and stockings, his shirt, coat and pants.

As remarkable as any of the scoops she broke in her journalistic career is the story of Anne Royall's own life. Shortly after she was born in Maryland in 1769, her father was forced to move into the Pennsylvania frontier country because of his suspected sympathies for the British. There Anne's childhood became a repetition of Indian raids, privation and flight, until finally after her father's death her mother moved to Virginia to enter the household service of William Royall, a wealthy planter. Royall, an eccentric Virginia gentleman, was fond of his slaves, his vast acres and his many books. Soon he became fond of Anne, taught her to read and write, finally married her. Together for sixteen idyllic years they read and discussed the English classics, Voltaire, and Jefferson. And then, all

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very suddenly, William Royall died.

To forget the shock of the loss of her husband, Anne Royall hitched up the plantation's best coach and started south. New scenes, constant movement, were not enough, however. Not until she began writing her impressions of what she saw did her troubled mind become calm. Then she began writing furiously about everything and everybody.

For ten years she remained in Alabama, until she learned that the courts had assigned the Royall plantation and fortune to other heirs. Scarcely aware of what had happened, she found herself practically penniless and alone in the world. She was fifty-four years old. If she had died then her name would not be even the memory that it is today. But Anne Royall, fifty-four, penniless, with not one line of her writings yet in print, was just at the beginning of her hectic career in journalism.

She had formed the idea that the government owed her a pension because her husband had served in the Revolution, and off she started for Washington to press her claim, making voluminous notes of stage coach conversations and tavern brawls along the way.

Although she received no pension, Anne Royall had made good use of her time. She had been writing down her impressions of the big politicians, and when she showed these to a friend he suggested she ought to write a book. At that time books of travels were very popular in the United States, and so off she started on a tour through the East to gather material for a travel book. Her sparkling blue eyes, her white teeth and quick hearty laughter made traveling easy, even though she was without funds. Her first work, *Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the U. S.*, was the first of ten books, each one of which brought storms of protest and condemnation down upon her head. For Anne Royall said what she thought and wrote what she pleased. People resented her but read her books. Many offended individuals bought them in quantity lots in order to burn them.

Today, as accurate pictures of her turbulent era, Anne Royall's sketches stand far ahead of the more widely known travel writings of her more respectable contemporaries, Margaret Fuller, Mrs. Trollope, and Harriet Martineau.

Of Baltimore she said: "The women of this city are the worst dressed in America." And the women in New York "have so many amusements and distractions they rarely buy books and then only when they are bound in red."

"Ignorance," she declared, "is prevalent in Richmond." And of the state of Virginia, she composed a brief ditty:

"Hail Virginia, old and crazy!
The people poor and proud and lazy."

Although Mrs. Royall has often been termed a yellow journalist, she

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had far higher ideals than most of the contemporary publishers of her day. She developed a set of purposes which she fought for consistently, and was soon the leader of a loosely integrated group of American liberals.

Inevitably, however, the many enemies she had made began to close in around her. Seizing on her weakness for helping the unfortunate women of the streets, and her often expressed antipathy toward the traveling missionaries, her enemies began spreading gossip about her virtue and her atheism.

At night hoodlums stoned her old house on Capitol Hill, and by day gangs of hooting boys followed her about the streets. Then one day she was arrested, charged with being a common scold.

This was one of the first cases of its kind in the United States, and the trial which followed was one of the strangest in all legal history. An old English law inherited by the District of Columbia had been disinterred by her enemies, and before the date of the trial it was discovered that ducking was the only legal punishment for the offense.

The courtroom was packed to the doors, for this trial of a common scold had awakened interest over all the nation. Twelve witnesses appeared against Mrs. Royall, and while they were being heard the three judges sat stiffly at attention, by some miracle keeping the dignity of the court. Describing the scene in *Paul Pry*, Anne Royall wrote: "I shall make a proposition to my friends in Congress to have the whole scene painted and put in the rotunda of the Capitol with our national paintings, reserving a conspicuous place for myself."

She was not without friends. The Postmaster General and the Secretary of War testified in her behalf. Nevertheless, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Because of her advanced age the court recommended that she not be ducked. Instead she was fined ten dollars.

And so Anne Royall continued blithely on her career. But to the majority of her contemporaries she never became quite respectable, even though a number of presidents had her to dinner at the White House. As the years passed, *Paul Pry* outlived its time. Even when the publication failed, Anne Royall refused to quit the national scene. At the age of eighty-five she started a new paper, *The Huntress*, and was still writing her caustic paragraphs when she died in 1854.

Both her enemies and her friends in Congress joined to pass a resolution having her buried in the Congressional cemetery. They neglected, however, to provide money for a gravestone. And so today, surrounded by the monuments of many great men who in life felt the acidity of her pen, Anne Royall lies in a sunken, unmarked grave, lost, as are her writings, in an undeserved obscurity.

—Dee Brown

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YOU WHO REGRET THE LEAVES

The Wanton, Autumn, kicks aside her dress,
Reveals her limbs in naked loveliness;
The lazy Shadows stretch across the Sod,
Grateful that nothing hides from them their God.

You—who regret the Leaves—remember this,
The Winter's Starvelings need the Sun's warm kiss;
The ragged Waif, gaunt Cat and window Flower,
Snatch, for their very own, this late, unguarded Hour.

—JOAN SEWARD

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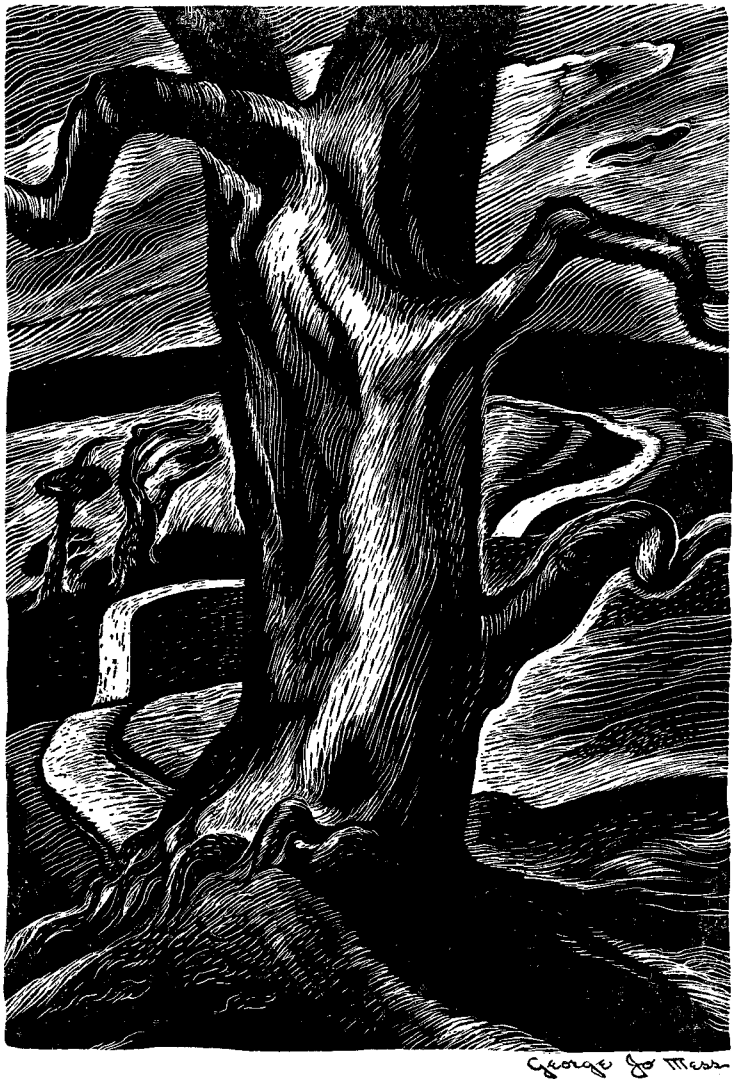

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THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE

THE BLACK CLOUDS OF SMOKE THAT PITTSBURGH BELCHES FORTH ARE NOT THERE FOR NOTHING

THE Ohio River is a huge serpent and the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers are the two forks of its tongue cutting through the Appalachians. Where the forks meet a triangle is formed and there sits Pittsburgh.

When William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians in 1682 the region about Pittsburgh was still little-known land, separated from the eastern seaboard by the Appalachians, backbone of the terrain from Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico. The first white traders of record to come upon this triangle of land in the jaws of the Ohio were a group under Arnold Viele who arrived here ten years later.

But it was not until 1752 that the British made preliminary surveys of the area. There followed years of conflict and dispute with the French and of bloody warfare with the Indians until finally, in the winter of 1792-3, "Mad" Anthony Wayne licked the Indians decisively at the Battle of Fallen Timbers.

The danger of attack from the redmen was at an end and the Ohio territory west of Pittsburgh was opened for purposes of settlement.

In 1760 the population of the little town was precisely eighty-eight men, twenty-nine women and thirty-two children. When the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia, three hundred fifty miles away, the population of Pittsburgh was still under four hundred. During the Revolutionary War the town was not a battlefield because of the barrier of mountains that separated it from the field of operations but it was important as a post from which a check could be kept on the Indian allies of the British.

No sooner was the war over than the Penns, the wealthiest landholders in the commonwealth, began to sell some of their holdings in the Pittsburgh area. A steady immigration of Scotch-Irish, an influx that was to take twenty years, began at this time. In 1786 the *Pittsburgh Gazette* was founded. Two years later the town had, in addition to the newspaper, these evidences of culture: a race course, a girls' school, two doctors and two lawyers.

Because of the lack of adequate means of transportation much of the

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grain grown in the neighborhood of the town was distilled into whiskey, which could more easily be shipped and sold. Indeed, for local purposes, whiskey became a medium of exchange. Alexander Hamilton, however, the first Secretary of the National Treasury, had urged a tax on liquors and stills. The people of this section of Pennsylvania found themselves obliged to pay revenue taxes on the one product that was their real "money crop." Many of the farmers and local distillers refused to pay. (The status of the treasury's revenue men sank to a level achieved only by dry-agents during the prohibition years of this generation.) The Whiskey Rebellion followed. Federal troops were sent here, for the national government had to assert its authority. After that Pittsburgh stayed on the side of "law and order."

In the year of the Whiskey Rebellion Pittsburgh was incorporated as a borough. The population was about one thousand but brick buildings were beginning to replace log cabins and frame houses, and elementary schools were opening.

Infant industries had already made their appearance. The earliest mention of coal occurred in July, 1760, when a visitor to Fort Pitt reported that a mine had been opened in a hill opposite the post and that the garrison was helping itself to the coal which lay just beneath the surface. The mine was known as Coal Hill. But the Penns, descendants of the great Quaker, were the first coal barons in the commonwealth. In 1768 they purchased all the bituminous coal fields of Western Pennsylvania from the Indians for a price equivalent to about one cent an acre.

By 1782 there was a brisk river trade between Pittsburgh and New Orleans. Flatboats laden with oil, pork, cider, brandy, iron and salt made the long trip down the Ohio to St. Louis and then down the Mississippi. The opening of the Northwest Territory offered new opportunities for trade although they could hardly be utilized until after the close of Indian hostilities near the end of the 18th century.

The making of iron was begun in 1790. Two years later General James O'Hara and Major Isaac Gray opened the first glass-house and George Anshutz erected the first blast furnace. Window glass manufacture started in 1797 and the decade that followed was a period of feverish activity in many industries. On the hills and in the valleys of the borough, shipyards, foundries and metal-working shops were established. Already the sky of Pittsburgh was darkening with industrial soot. The first bank appeared in the year 1804.

The natural resources of the vicinity plus its excellent location insured the rapid growth of the community. The large iron foundry which was built in 1805 supplied cannon and shot for Perry's fleet on Lake Erie and for General Jackson holding the British

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off at New Orleans in the War of 1812.

By 1807 there were already three nail factories in the borough. Four years later the first steamboat to be launched on a Western river left a Pittsburgh wharf. In 1812 the manufacture of window glass was begun on a large scale. When in 1816 the borough became a city under special act of the state legislature it was already the smelter of America.

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In the midst of this community of glass factories, coal mines and steel mills Stephen C. Foster, destined to become America's most beloved ballad writer and popular composer, was born in 1826. Singularly he did not memorialize his birthplace in his work; Kentucky, Virginia and other comparatively romantic, rather than industrial, areas were immortalized instead.

In the era of prosperity which Pittsburgh enjoyed during the first half of the 19th century the Pennsylvania Canal was constructed into the city. But the period of expansion and growth was checked abruptly by a disastrous fire which, on April 10, 1845, destroyed six million dollars of property. The work of rehabilitation was begun at once and six years later, with production restored to a normal level, the first railroad entered the city.

To add to the coal and iron and glass wealth of the community quantities of oil were discovered. The first petroleum was uncovered when wells were drilled for salt. At first thrown away as waste, it was later accepted as possessing medicinal properties. Then the fuel values were perceived. In 1859 the first oil well was drilled by Colonel E. L. Drake at the suggestion of George H. Bisset. A year later Pittsburgh had seven oil refineries. In 1867 there were fifty-eight oil refineries.

Men of ambition were in Pittsburgh. They were not only masters of steel, coal, and oil. They were also masters of men—perhaps that was why they treated Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania as feudal holdings. Hard men —including Andrew Carnegie, who despite tradition was not the first maker of Bessemer steel, and Henry Clay Frick, whose assassination was attempted decades later by an anarchist by the name of Alexander Berkman. Charles Schwab, the steelmaster and latter-day newspaper prophet on all subjects, was early a Carnegie man. George Westinghouse, the airbrake magnate who later ventured into other fields, was also a Pittsburgher. The airbrake was made in 1867; the manufacture of electrical apparatus was not begun for twenty years. And in 1869 Henry J. Heinz began the bottling of dried horse-radish, the first of a long line of condiments and sundries to win fame and fortune as the 57 Varieties.

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There was an abundance of clay about Pittsburgh and in the clay there was an aluminum compound. The metal was reckoned precious at this time because it was so difficult to ex-

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tract. Knives and forks were occasionally made of it—at great expense. Then Charles Martin Hall, a chemist, discovered that he could recover pure aluminum with the use of an electrical current. He hurried his great discovery to Pittsburgh to Captain Alfred Hunt who encouraged him and began to produce the metal commercially. The Mellons, bankers, did not enter until much later. But they did appear and in time became the supreme lords of the metal that comes from clay.

The earth beneath Pittsburgh belched out a new treasure: natural gas. With the help of this gas the glass industry prospered anew. In 1881 the manufacture of plate glass on an economical basis was made possible because of the natural gas.

The coffers of the barons bulged but some of the pieces of eight were splotched with fresh blood. The men at the top were too far away from the men who labored at the bottom. There was no community of feeling between the two groups; there was fear instead. In 1877 there were railroad strikes which affected Pittsburgh and struck a spark too close to a powder-barrel of repressed feelings. Ugly mobs of strikers and sympathizers and hoodlums and provocateurs gathered. On July 21-22 property valued at three millions was destroyed by these mobs. There were soldiers, of course, and shooting, and a total of twenty-seven people were killed. None of it helped the men either at the top or at the bottom, except that strikes would be put down now more ruthlessly.

By this time Pittsburgh had a full-grown political boss, Christopher L. Magee, who came into office in 1871 and ruled for thirty years. In 1895 he gave $100,000 for a zoo in Highland Park. In 1908 a drinking fountain was erected to his memory.

A city like Pittsburgh with coal bosses, steel bosses, glass bosses, oil bosses and aluminum bosses needed a political boss, some thought. Often a political boss protects his people; at other times he delivers them. Magee gave $10,000 for a newsboys' home and $15,000 for a pathological laboratory. The usual groups swore by him; the usual groups swore at him.

There were bigger philanthropists, too. Carnegie began to give his money away in foundations and library gifts. Even the Mellons began to loosen up with endowments. But the conscience-philanthropy did not lighten the pressure on the Man at the Bottom. The masters were feudal lords after all. To his dying day, Carnegie, who had sold out to J. P. Morgan and associates, talked of world peace. Doubtless he meant it.

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The wonders never ceased. George Westinghouse made certain improvements on Edison's electric lamp or "bulb," and then put an alternating current system into effect. The political situation also began to alternate. In 1902 reform men under Oliver McClintock and George W. Guthrie finally broke the hold of the ring on

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the city and turned local politics topsy-turvy. Pittsburgh was coming of age.

Back before the end of the 19th century there had been a steel strike in Pennsylvania. The key word to that story is: Homestead. In 1919, after the World War during which Pittsburgh prospered still more, there was another steel strike. Blood flowed by the beautifully Indian-named rivers and hills. (Aliquippa was named for a great queen of the Senecas.) The Iroquois had been no more ruthless than were the Sachems of Steel now. The coal and iron police did not scalp: that was all they failed to do. The city that had seen the Whiskey Rebellion now saw industrial rebellions. A half-million people lived in Pittsburgh. There were universities, churches and schools and the usual social betterment agencies. A Pittsburgher, Andrew Mellon, became Secretary of the Treasury, the greatest, said the press agents, since Alexander Hamilton.

There was always industrial dissension somewhere in Pennsylvania. The miners in coal made a few gains, the rest marked time. Then came the Slump of 1929. Unemployment and hunger and despair stalked the land. During the bad winters even the hardheads saw the need of relief for the unfortunates. Pittsburgh skies were lighter now for mills and factories were closed or working only part of the time.

A new national administration was finally swept into power in Washington. New policies were invoked. All sorts of theories were tried to get the industrial machine working again. It creaked, it squeaked, it whined—it complained, but it moved. Whether the theories helped or whether there was a natural recovery, the fires in the furnaces were started again. Smoke poured from the chimneys, men began to return to work—until again the storm clouds of depression gathered overhead.

The population today is more than 678,500, a figure the 1933 census gave, and the city is the tenth largest in the country. Also, Pittsburgh enjoys more days of fog than any city in the United States except Seattle, Portland and Los Angeles. But that is not so important.

On March 18, 1936, the Golden Triangle was under water in the highest stage in its history, forty-six feet, or twenty-one feet of water above the flood stage. The worst previous flood, 39.9 feet, occurred in March, 1763. Floods have recurred periodically, but none has ever equaled the devastation of the deluge of 1936.

A year later came another deluge: the bloodless treaty of Big Steel with an organization of its employes, something which the prophets said would never happen. It did happen. The lions and the lambs are not yet lying down together. The plowshares and the swords are still kept bright at their appointed tasks. But the City of the Golden Triangle seems to be entering a new period in its development and growth.

—Louis Zara

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LIVING SHADOWS

IT IS A COSTLY GESTURE, SOMETIMES, FOR A MAN TO LIVE UP TO HIS PAST

THE automobile dashed at top speed over the black highway, where pools of newly-fallen rain glittered in the April sun.

The man at the wheel gazed across the green hills, finding a sensual pleasure in their undulations. He breathed in the perfume of the poplars, the fresh odors of the wet grass. Was this that first hour of springtime? He had a sudden sensation of having recovered a little of his youth, of having dropped a heavy load of years simply by removing his overcoat.

A village with houses of grey, rough stone rose before him like a fortress. He sped between the gardens, took a turn in the road too abruptly, narrowly escaped overturning, and found himself suddenly face to face with a woman with three spaniels on a leash, huddled into a corner of the wall several yards from the nose of his car.

The woman turned, gave a sharp, frightened cry, and, instead of pressing herself more closely against the wall, made a move as if to run across the road.

The man gave the wheel a violent twist. The car swerved abruptly to the left, quivered like a great, clumsy beast caught in a net, skidded about twenty yards, jammed its brakes, ground its tires into the road and stopped, as though its breath had suddenly been cut off.

"Brute!" shrieked the woman, furious. "Brute!"

The man thrust his head out of the window and turned around to survey the road behind him.

At the same moment, the woman suddenly stopped shrieking. She stared at this profile, like that on a bronze medal, this long almost bony face.

Her heart, already palpitating from the fright she had received, now beat faster than ever.

"Alek!" she cried, clutching the spaniels' leash convulsively.

The man at the wheel started. He had stopped and gotten out, prepared to make his apologies. With his sharp eyes he scrutinized the gross, painted face of the dumpy little woman before him. As one senses a familiar hand in a big fur glove, he sensed rather than recognized, she who had just pronounced his Christian name.

Face to face, they were silent for a

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moment, filled for each of them with a whirlpool of shadowy images. The circular, smoke-filled room of the smartest "café chantant" of St. Petersburg . . . at the end of a stage-box, the svelte silhouette of an officer of the Guard, swathed in a red, gold-braided dolman . . . A temperature of twenty degrees below zero and a low, lacquered sleigh spinning across the snow, glittering with a thousand little silver flames. The entire horizon blocked by the enormous back of the coachman, muffled in its fur caftan. . . . A frenzied race for the island restaurants . . . the gipsy cafés . . . an emerald brooch in a cluster of giant flowers . . . near the foot of a white china stove reaching to the ceiling, a great, unmade bed, where a shiny boot dragged across an ermine-trimmed coat.

He murmured in his turn a Christian name.

"Rosine!"

Yes, he was sure at last that it was she, the young French singer, who, at the dawn of the century, had been for two or three winters the sensation of St. Petersburg with her provoking smile and her acidulous voice.

He stared at her, singularly moved. And he began to smile, in tender recognition.

She answered with an embarrassed smile and blushed.

"You, Alek . . . here . . . with us . . . in France . . . Just when I had begun to think that you had been assassinated by the Bolsheviks."

"I came near to being, my dear . . . But I have always had a sacred vein of luck."

"I remember that! . . . The evening when you upset me in the snow and the horse's hoof passed within half an inch of your temple."

"Didn't you call me a brute then, just as you did today?"

"I can well imagine I did!"

They both laughed.

"You frightened me a little," she said, placing her hand on her opulent bosom.

"The only means I have left of making a woman's heart beat faster."

She appraised him with a quick glance, that glance at once demanding and benevolent of women who are experienced with men.

"You are still very handsome . . . really, very handsome . . . despite the fact that you must be at least fifty-five now."

He lied involuntarily, by reflex, and mechanically drew to its full height his big, hard, muscular frame.

"Fifty-three."

"As for me," she lied in her turn with a disarming smile. "Although of an age to be your little sister, I am already almost an old woman."

The man sought to find once more in the eyes of the woman the look of the frightened fawn which he had loved. Embarrassed by the emotion in her eyes, he lowered his glance.

"You are married?" he asked at last.

"Yes, shortly after my return from Russia. My husband, you see, wanted

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me to abandon the stage . . . and since then, there has been in my life, as in all lives . . . a little of everything . . . of good and of bad."

She shook her head briskly.

"But let us rather talk about you, Alek. . . . Your life must have been more dramatic than mine . . . the war . . . the revolution . . . You must have been through a lot."

"Like so many others."

By a slight shrug of the shoulders he conveyed that all that was so well known that it was really useless to talk of it.

She looked at him sharply, then examined the car with curiosity. It was a black, de luxe touring car, elegant enough, but a little outmoded.

"It's yours, this auto?"

"Certainly!"

He understood the mute question in her look. His cheeks, tanned by the wind and sun, flushed. The steel of his eyes regained, in an instant, its old brilliance. His voice took on a nonchalant tone.

"Yes, I was lucky enough to have saved a few sous abroad."

"I am so happy for you, Alek . . . because really you were never cut out to earn your own living . . ."

In the sky, again become a pale blue, the wind was chasing melting white clouds. They remained silent a moment.

"You have not told me about your own life," he said abruptly.

"But I have . . . I told you I have become a respectable bourgeois."

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"I assume then you are happy?"

"One gets used to everything."

She, too, seemed not to want to talk about herself.

"You live near here, no doubt."

"Up there."

He looked in the direction in which she pointed and noticed for the first time, at the top of a hill, on the other side of the road, a château in Renaissance architecture of exquisite grace.

"My best compliments. I can see that you are happy . . . in bourgeois society."

She said quickly. "You will excuse me, Alek, for not being able to invite you up . . . you belong to that part of my life which is supposed to be ignored by everyone. But we could meet again in Paris . . . I can write to you."

"But I am married . . . and my wife is terribly jealous . . . Listen . . . here is what we can do . . . You can write to me at the general delivery . . . And then . . . no . . . what would be the good of it . . . We have found each other again . . . We have had the joy of discovering that life has not been too hard on either of us . . . It is better that it should stay that way . . . Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps! There are memories that it is better to relive alone, at home . . . Farewell, Alek. . . ."

"Farewell, Rosine. . . ."

He pressed his lips long against the plump little hand.

She was about to leave him when he stopped her.

"A moment . . . Could you please tell me if I am far from Boneuil?"

"Boneuil?" she looked at him in surprise. "But you are there."

"Ah! Good! I was driving so fast I must have missed the signpost."

"And what are you looking for at Boneuil?" she asked, intrigued.

He hesitated a second.

"The château de la Chennevière."

"The château de la Chennevière?"

Her eyes, grown wide, reflected astonishment and anxiety. He understood.

"It is your home?"

"Yes."

Both of them were so troubled that they were unable to speak.

"What did you wish to see at the château de la Chennevière?" she asked at last.

"No one . . . I mean . . . I was told it was for sale."

"For sale," she repeated, nonplussed. "Ah no, my friend, there must have been a mistake."

"Yes, probably . . . I mean, surely . . . Now that you say so I can see that the agent must have made a mistake."

"Did you intend to buy la Chennevière?"

"Not for myself but for one of my friends, an American who is looking for a château between Paris and Deauville."

He threw a last glance, charged with regrets, toward the château.

"Farewell, Rosine."

"Farewell, Alek."

He sped once more along the road. He no longer watched the broad

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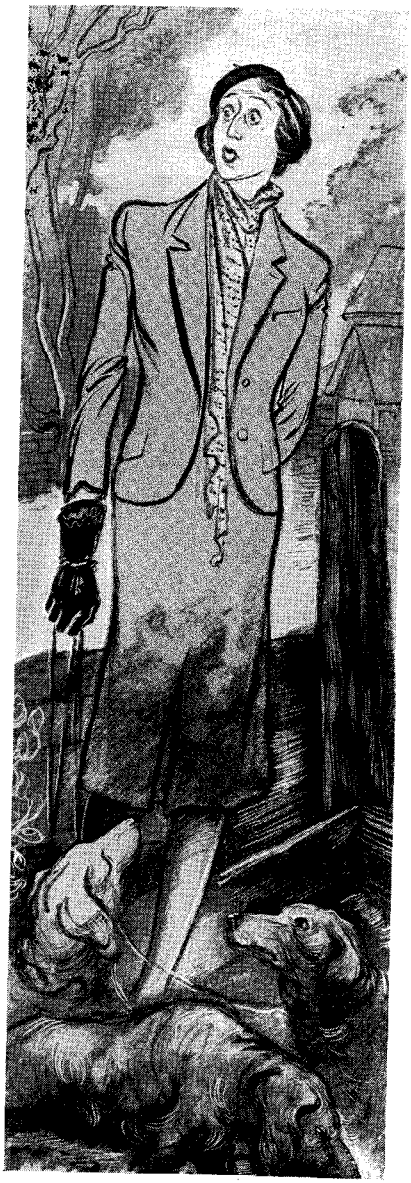

countryside, soft and sensuous. He no longer breathed the odor of the poplars. He returned directly to Paris . . . to his own office, behind the opera, where he waited for rich clients.

It was one of these, a rich Brazilian, who engaged him from time to time for a week end, who had asked him to call for him at the château to drive him to Deauville . . . To miss such a profit with a five weeks' unpaid gasoline bill at the garage . . . to have played for a quarter of an hour the grand seigneur before an old mistress! No, that wasn't it . . . it wasn't Rosine whom he had deceived . . . but himself.

For a quarter of an hour he had been the young blade, rich, proud, independent, gallant, reckless and generous . . . more generous even than he had ever been in the old days . . . for this profit which he had renounced in order that his former mistress might share his illusion was an infinitely more marvelous gift than all those he had heaped upon her long ago.

She had admired him . . . he was repaid.

* * *

On the terrace of the château, the Brazilian, leaning on his elbow on the balustrade, said to a dark woman with flabby cheeks, the owner of la Chennevière:

"Look, my friend, here is your lady companion returning with your dogs. Don't you find that, in taking your spaniels walking every day, she has finished by making her own round eyes shining and dreamy?"—BARUCH

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SEEING THROUGH THE HEART

THE SORCERESS REQUIRED BUT THE GIFT OF HUMAN UNDERSTANDING TO WORK HER CHARM

BAABA, I want to talk to you." The voice was that of Siliva, a handsome young Zulu warrior, and he spoke with an air of the utmost mystery. He had come to my tent which was pitched near the huts of the pythoness Tuadekili, in the mountains of Northern Zululand, and having spoken he stood waiting respectfully for me to invite him to enter.

"What is it, Siliva?" I asked. "Come and tell me what it is that is troubling you."

Seating himself on the ground near my chair, he began his story. It was a very long and complicated story, but the gist of it was that he wanted to marry Mdabuli, the daughter of Sukumbana, the witch doctor. But Sukumbana, because of his participation in a secret ceremony prohibited by the Paramount Chief had been suspended from his ministry, and as Siliva had been the indirect cause of his humiliating chastisement, the old man refused to allow the marriage to take place.

"I will give you my daughter as wife the day in which the Paramount Chief will give me back my rank," he had told Siliva, and no amount of persuasion could make him alter his decision.

"Speak to the Paramount Chief Xipooso," Siliva begged me, when he had finished his story. "If you do, he will pardon Sukumbana and I can marry Mdabuli and bless your name forever."

Naturally I promised to do everything possible as soon as I had the opportunity to talk to Xipooso.

But it seemed that Siliva had more faith in two saints than in one, for in spite of my promise to help him, later in the day I saw him seated with Tuadekili in front of her hut telling her the same story he had previously told me.

Intensely interested in everything connected with natives and their witch doctors, I asked the pythoness if I might join them.

I have always been happy that I did so, for what followed gave me a new insight into Tuadekili's character and showed me a penetrating psychologicial understanding and knowledge of human nature which, frankly, I would not have expected.

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Of all the sorcerers I have met, Pythoness Tuadekili is the wisest. And I have decided to tell the story of how she dealt with this young Zulu warrior, because her action had a decisive effect in the forming of his character and in the molding of his life.

★ ★ ★

Tuadekili had listened patiently to the boy's long, eloquent tale. Now she took a bag which she wore hung about her waist and threw the contents on the mat on which we were seated.

"These phalanxes of a leopard which on the plain was king of strength and vision will tell you the future, Siliva," she said in a low voice as though she were absorbed in a dream. And she carefully studied the forms into which the bones had fallen.

"Soon you will marry Mdabuli," she told him prophetically.

Then she collected the bones and again tossing them on the mat as if they had been dice, she studied the figures they formed.

"But before, you have to pass a trial. You have to resist the impulse of vindictiveness if you want the other to do the same to you."

I was unable to understand just what she meant, and judging from Siliva's astonished face, it was evident that he knew even less.

But the pythoness continued. "Take this magic root. Tomorrow when the sun is high in the sky you will hide it in the heart of the great ant-heap on the top of the hill sacred to Umkulum Kulu, the greatest god. Then go back to your *kraal* and await faithfully.

"But remember, not for anything in the world must you speak a word, nor turn your head, nor look behind you until you have reached your hut."

And raising her right forefinger and pointing to the sky, "Umkulum Kulu so orders," she concluded.

"Umkulum Kulu," repeated Siliva.

The consultation was finished, and the pythoness disappeared into her hut leaving Siliva somewhat puzzled.

As for me, I could not grasp the significance of Tuadekili's words. And Xipooso would explain nothing. He offered me, however, something better—that was, to see for myself.

So the following morning found me, and my indispensable camera, side by side with Xipooso, well hidden on the top of the sacred hill.

A short time later Xipooso pointed toward a moving object far away to our left.

"Siliva," he whispered. "And you, oh father, look, but do not speak."

A small human figure appeared, climbing the hill, and came toward us. Peeping through the grass, we saw him continue his way past us. Waving his *assegai* and a shovel in the air as he walked, he soon reached the ant-hill and set to work energetically to break its hard crust. Big blocks of ground perforated like sponges by the infinite corridors and labyrinths of the white ants were taken away until Siliva thought he had reached the right depth.

Then, with a statuesque pose, he

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looked all around as if he unconsciously felt the weight of our eyes, and putting the magic root given him by the pythoness in the excavation he had made, he replaced the blocks taken away until the ant city resumed something of its former appearance.

Then, picking up his *assegai* and shovel, he started for his distant hut, retracing his steps over the path he had come.

I looked at Xipooso and was astonished to see him holding his *assegai* poised, ready to be thrown, while he gazed intently at Siliva.

Swift as lightning came the thought that he meant to kill the boy, but in the next second I knew how ridiculous that supposition was, for surely in that case he would not have brought me along for a witness; nor would he, the omnipotent chief, need such a strategy to get rid of one of his subjects.

Siliva was nearing us, and just as he was a few feet from a cactus, Xipooso hurled his *assegai*.

The deadly weapon whizzed through the air, swift and sharp. Surely it would pin Siliva to the tree. I held my breath.

But the spear, animated with the cunning of its master's hand, missed Siliva but a few inches and imbedded itself in the trunk of the cactus.

We heard Siliva make a sort of grunt. We saw him jump back, grasp his own spear, prepared to fight.

Would he make an effort to find the cowardly hidden enemy? Or would he have the strength to resist and obey the order of the pythoness?

His face was contracted in a cruel expression of which I wouldn't have imagined him capable. He grimaced savagely, all the muscles of his athletic body tense with the effort.

The poor boy was agitatedly debating the question. "Do not turn; resist too the impulse of vindictiveness," his brain must have been commanding him. All his instinct of proud warrior, however, the habits of all his life, the strength of all the belligerent tradition of his race, drove him to face and fight the hidden foe.

But his love for Mdabuli was strong and his veneration for the pythoness great, and in the end they won.

With a furious gesture he extracted from the cactus the treacherous spear and threw it disdainfully away. Then he deliberately went on his way, defiant of attack, fearless and superb.

When he had disappeared far away down the hill, Xipooso came out from his ambush.

"The pythoness has read well the heart of Siliva," he told me with a smile, "and found it clean and full of will and courage. Now he will learn wisdom, too. And in five suns Sukumbana will be reinstated as witch doctor, and Siliva will marry Mdabuli. Umkulum Kulu so wants."

But I thought that Tuadekili had read Xipooso's heart also, and devised a testing of Siliva that she knew could not fail to appeal to the great Chief, and to soften his decisions.

—Comdr. Attilio Gatti

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"I say—we're on a scavenger hunt—
do you have any old clothes?"

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SIGHT UNSEEN

PREVIEWING SEVEN STAGE DESIGNS THAT ARE EAGERLY WAITING FOR THE RIGHT PRODUCER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first of a series of two articles on stage designers. The second, to appear next month, treats Jo Mielziner and Norman Bel Geddes.*

YOU and I know that every successful playwright keeps a trunk in the attic of his palatial mansion; in this trunk he hoards the three or four hundred plays he wrote in his youth or in his spare time. The notion is too well known to warrant any further investigation. But not so well known is the similar plight of the successful scene designer.

Every successful scene designer steadily pursues the dream of high theatre, and he puts his dreams on paper. He does not keep those papers in a trunk. He keeps them in files and frames and he waits patiently for the producer with idealism and do-re-mi enough to make the dream come true. Season in and season out he designs stuff to order. Rarely does he have luck enough to design the stuff he'd like to do. Here on these pages are the visions of three designers, such stuff as dreams are made on. None of these designs has ever been set on any stage.

Lee Simonson is one of the founders and original directors of the Theatre Guild. Ever since 1919 he has designed the settings for a good majority of that organization's productions. It was around 1912 that he left the art of easel-painting for the art of scene-designing. In the twenty-six years in between he has decorated our stages with designs for plays that run the gamut from Shakespeare to Shaw. His book, *The Stage Is Set*, is one of the Bibles of the business.

In the two Simonson designs for *Hamlet* that appear on these pages the artist has made use of what the profession calls a "unit" set. That is, the two scenes are both made up of the same component parts. On top you see Mr. Simonson's conception of a prologue in pantomime, a banquet scene—gaudy, robust, sensual.

In the second illustration the banquet scene has been swung around on a turntable stage and the magic of cold lights instead of warm, brilliant ones transforms the stage into the scene for Ophelia's burial. The whole production is geared to run on this system of one set that

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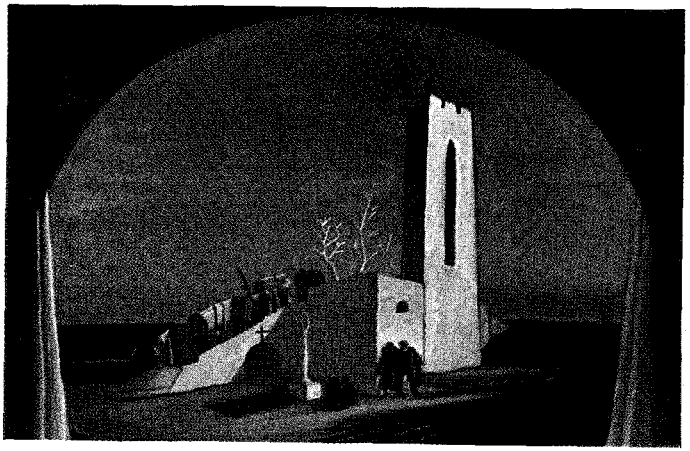
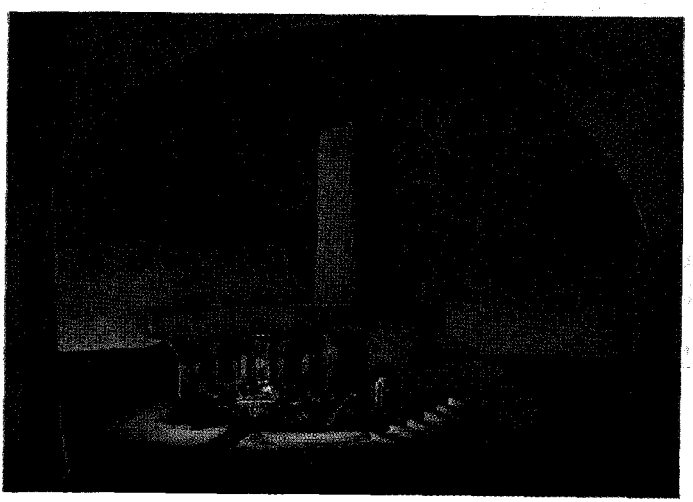


Banquet Scene: A Prologue in Pantomime



The Burial of Ophelia

TWO SCENES BY LEE SIMONSON FOR *HAMLET*

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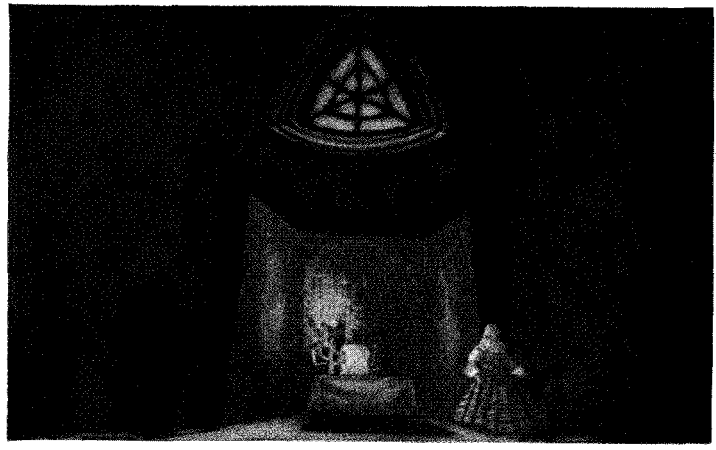

The Regent's Apartment

A Prison

TWO DESIGNS BY DONALD OENSLAGER FOR *EGMONT*

can change shape and color at will.

Donald Oenslager has been scene-designing since 1925. He is a product of that fabulous Harvard era that was fostered by George Pierce Baker and his "47 Workshop." His book, *Scenery Then and Now*, is an excellent handbook of the technic—and the philosophy—of the craft. Though he is one of the most prolific scene designers in

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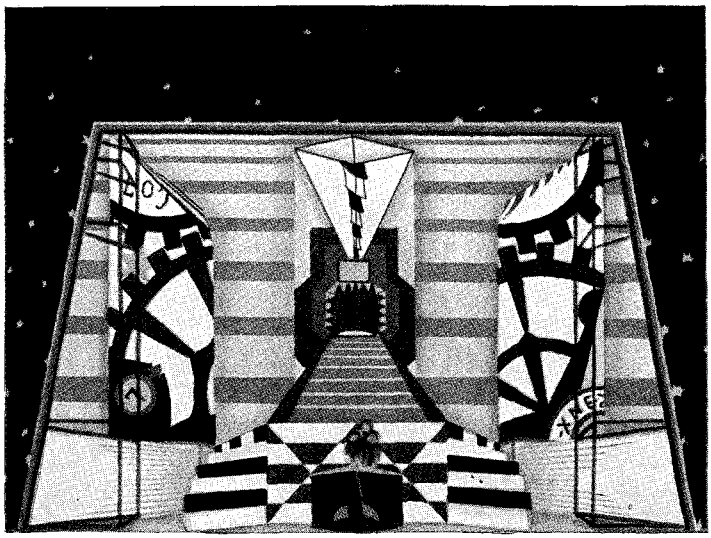

Machines for Wings

SCENE BY DONALD OENSLAGER FOR *THE BIRDS*

America he still finds time to visualize the scenes from Goethe's *Egmont* and Aristophanes' *Birds* that appear on these pages.

His *Egmont* is no bone-dry historical reconstruction of certain turbulent deeds under the reign of Philip the Second in the Netherlands. Let Mr. Oenslager describe it himself: "If the scenery for *Egmont* were all-seeing and all-inclusive it would not advance the cause either of *Egmont* or Goethe. A well-drawn row of Brussels houses cannot make the scene of the crowded square any more dramatic than would a well-drawn row of Brussels sprouts. Scenery for *Egmont* must be designed for the dramatic content of the scenes themselves. The settings are not seen through the eyes of the characters of the play, but as Goethe saw his characters." For his designs for *The Birds*, Oenslager has modernized the Aristophanes comedy to the extent of making it the saga of a modern meteoric salesman who finds his true apotheosis by putting the heavens on a high-pressure basis.

Nat Karson is one of the younger American designers headed for the front ranks. He is twenty-nine years old. He began his career in Chicago at a time when he was young enough to be called The Boy Wonder. He designed six Broadway plays this season.

The drawings that represent him

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The Gates: Act I, Scene 1

The Dungeon: Act I, Scene 5

SCENES BY NAT KARSON FOR *NIGHT WATCH IN SYRIA*

here are projects for a play by Alexander King, a play based on the events of the night before the Crucifixion. Karson has used the unit set. The low bridge visible in the upper set is made up of the same parts that make the symbolistic dungeon walls in the lower drawing. Turn the walls around in your mind's eye and you'll see how it's done. —SIDNEY CARROLL

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MESSENGERS OF WAR

IRONICALLY ENOUGH, EVEN THE DOVE OF PEACE HAS BEEN DRAFTED TO FIGHT IN THE NEXT WAR

IF WAR were declared tomorrow, an obscure gentleman named Robert Milne would suddenly become one of the busiest men in the country. Instantly, he would communicate with some 200 pigeon fanciers in the eastern part of the United States. The next morning, his office would be swamped with several hundred slightly startled pigeons. From these Mr. Milne would select the fastest and most reliable. Then he would step outside his office, at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, and start breeding the 500 pigeons located in near-by government pigeon lofts. In a short while, American military commanders would have at their disposal 5,000 homing pigeons, fully trained to communicate information across enemy lines. In six months, there would be 50,000 homers. Mr. Milne, who is Pigeon Expert at Large for the Signal Corps of the U. S. Army, has this carefully worked out, for the War Department does not propose to get caught pigeon-napping, so to speak, as it did in the last war.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELINOR MAYER

In 1917, we had plenty of armaments, munitions and battleships, but we had no pigeons. When General Pershing arrived in France and conferred with the Allied commanders, he was surprised to learn that despite the high mechanization of modern warfare, the birds are almost indispensable. Messages sent by telegraph, teletype and radio can be intercepted, or the equipment might break down, leaving pigeons as the only remaining agency of communication. As a result, Pershing

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learned, pigeons frequently hold the balance between the success or failure of a campaign.

Conditions are no different in 1938, despite the interval of twenty years. Many more engines of death have been devised, but the need for pigeons remains constant. Today, the Government maintains ten pigeon lofts all over the United States and in outlying possessions, such as the Philippines, the Canal Zone and Hawaii. At present there are about 1,000 birds immediately available, the majority of which are at the Army's pigeon headquarters, at Fort Monmouth, principal breeding farm. Those bred there are shipped to lofts at Fort Benning, Georgia, Fort Sam Houston, Texas, Bolling Field, D. C., Scott Field, Illinois, and to lofts in our insular possessions where they are held ready for any emergency.

Mr. Milne, who is fifty-nine and of Scotch descent, is in charge of the pigeon activities at Fort Monmouth. A former structural engineer by profession and a pigeon fancier by avocation, he dropped his business interests in 1917 in response to the Army's wartime plea to civilian pigeoneers for assistance in creating a pigeon service. He has won countless prizes in pigeon races, both in this country and abroad, and has judged at pigeon shows on two continents. Once, in the English National Pigeon Races, his entry competed against King George V's, and beat it. It is due largely to Milne's efforts that 22,000 pigeons served in the American Army before the World War ended. The British and the Germans had the greatest number—around 150,000 each—but their hostilities lasted the full four years.

Because no one knows when another *Lusitania* will be sunk, Milne must keep the Government's pigeons in constant training. Every day they are taken out in trucks for practice flights. The distance will range from one mile to one hundred, depending upon the birds' age and progress. Gradually, the distances are increased and in time they will be capable of 2,000-mile flights—further than London to Moscow. In actual warfare, however, it is rarely necessary to exceed a few hundred. Flying at an average speed of forty miles an hour, they can cover 600 miles in a single day, from sunrise to dusk.

Since the average upkeep of a pigeon is two cents a day, Fort Monmouth spends $3,650 annually on its 500 pigeons. Most of this goes for food. Army pigeons are fed on the best quality hard grains, Canadian peas, yellow corn and on a grit of oyster shells, granite chips and charcoal. The latter affords a hard shell to their eggs. They are fed sparingly, for pigeons must be muscular and lithe; heavy pigeons are slow and lazy. Food is probably the greatest single factor in training. Before a flight, they are always sent out hungry. This encourages a swift return to the loft, which they have been taught

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ROBERT MILNE, U. S. SIGNAL CORPS EXPERT AND PIGEON

to associate with food and pleasant surroundings, notably their mates. Birds of the opposite sex are never liberated together—might delay the return. As a rule, dark-plumed birds are preferred, for they afford the best camouflage. Sometimes they are released from airplanes and, in certain rare cases, are equipped with air-whistles to frighten hawks away. Hawks attack pigeons.

Right now, Fort Monmouth and Milne are well past the experimental stage in a totally new development in courier pigeon. If perfected, it will accomplish what no pigeon has been able to do before—fly at night. It is a pigeon's nature to rest at nightfall, and take wing only during the day. If a pigeon could be trained to fly in the dark, army men contend, military communications will be revolutionized. It would make pigeons among the safest methods of wartime communication.

Already, pigeons nocturnally trained by Milne and others will fly an average of five miles; a few in the Canal Zone will go sixty miles. Government trainers were pleased at this achievement until, to their astonishment, they hit upon a gloomy discovery. Not always would night fliers resettle in new locations. Daytime pigeons will resettle in from four to eight days. Obviously, a pigeon is worth-

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less to the Army if, when he gets sent to the Philippines to help defend it from possible encroachment, he would simply fly back to Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, bearing information on the defense of Manila. Despite this great difficulty, Milne thinks that in time it can be overcome. Frequently, in moments of levity, he thinks he could solve the whole problem if he could only cross a pigeon with an owl.

Even if night flying fails to make good its promise, it seems to settle a problem that has been troubling pigeoneers for years. It shows that the homer's talent is due for the most part not to instinct, but to a remarkable memory, eyesight and intelligence. At the same time, instinct plays some part; otherwise it would be impossible to explain the feat of a pigeon which, released at Arras, France, on August 15, 1931, flew 7,200 miles to its home in Saigon, Indo-China, in a little over twenty-two days.

Naturally, no ordinary park pigeon can be made into a courier. They are a distinct species, the result of many generations of inbreeding. Scientifically bred homing pigeons are a product of Belgium, where pigeon races have for years been the country's national sport.

Much of the present Rothschild fortune owes its origin to the sums made as the result of advance information of Napoleon's outcome obtained by homing pigeons. Although Belgium is the home of the homing pigeon, they were used as early as 1350 B.C. by the Egyptians, who probably learned of them through the Persians. They were used also by the Greeks to convey news of the Olympic Games. Richard the Lion Hearted employed them in the Crusades, and so did the English in the Boer War.

But the first practical application of pigeons for military use was in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. When Paris was in an iron ring, held virtually incommunicado, pigeon fanciers suggested their use and were bitterly ridiculed. Finally, an eminent aeronaut agreed to cross the Prussian lines in a balloon and take a consignment of 363 pigeons with him. It proved so successful that a regular postal system was established, at a charge of so much per word. Messages were printed on microfilm, enabling great compression of information. A strip of film measuring a few inches contained the equivalent of sixteen standard newspaper pages. On arrival, they were magnified by projection on a screen. The last pigeon arriving before the peace in this way carried 40,000 messages in a small metal tube. He managed to escape the hawks sent out by the Prussians as a counter-offensive.

Despite this precedent, the American Army was strangely unprepared with pigeons at our entrance into the World War. When Pershing cabled back to General Russell, at Washington, instructing him to establish pigeon facilities at once, Russell gasped at the prospect of enlisting ornitholog-

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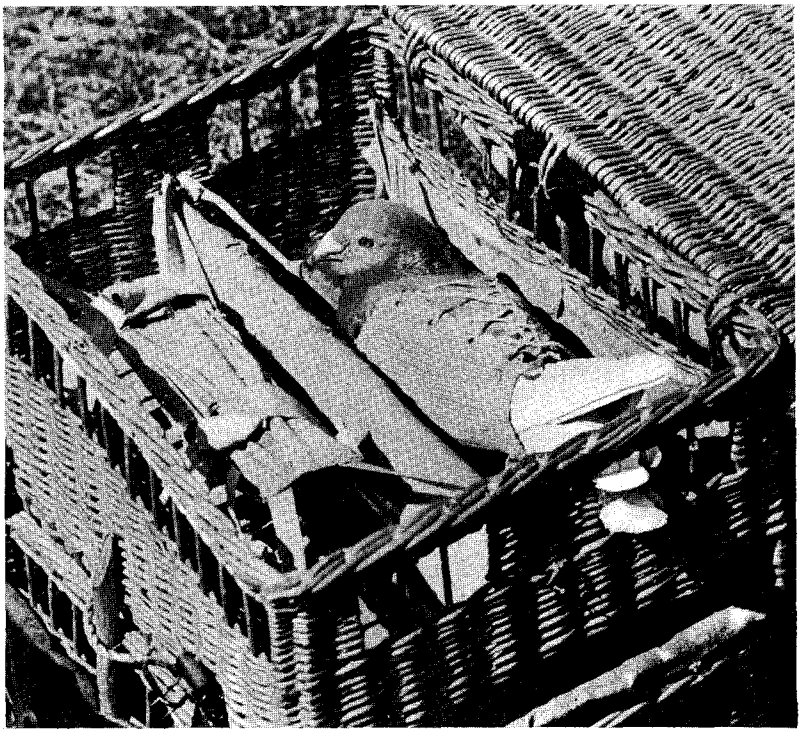

PIGEON, IN PROTECTIVE "CORSET," READY FOR THE MARCH

ical recruits by having to start at the egg.

Among the best-equipped countries today are Germany and Japan, each having around 20,000 pigeons in governmental aviaries. Both of these countries are experimenting with the latest development in courier pigeon—small panoramic cameras strapped to a pigeon's breast snap pictures at regular intervals while flying over enemy territory.

Fort Monmouth is secretive about its plans for photographic pigeons, but it does not hide the fact that today Milne is breeding several hundred pigeons annually in New Jersey alone. Sometimes Milne gets too active and then the Government is obliged to auction its surplus to pigeon fanciers. (The last auction brought prices averaging $2.21, but pigeons elsewhere have been sold for as high as $1,200.) It is from these fanciers that pigeons will be re-purchased should hostilities suddenly break out. But there is one

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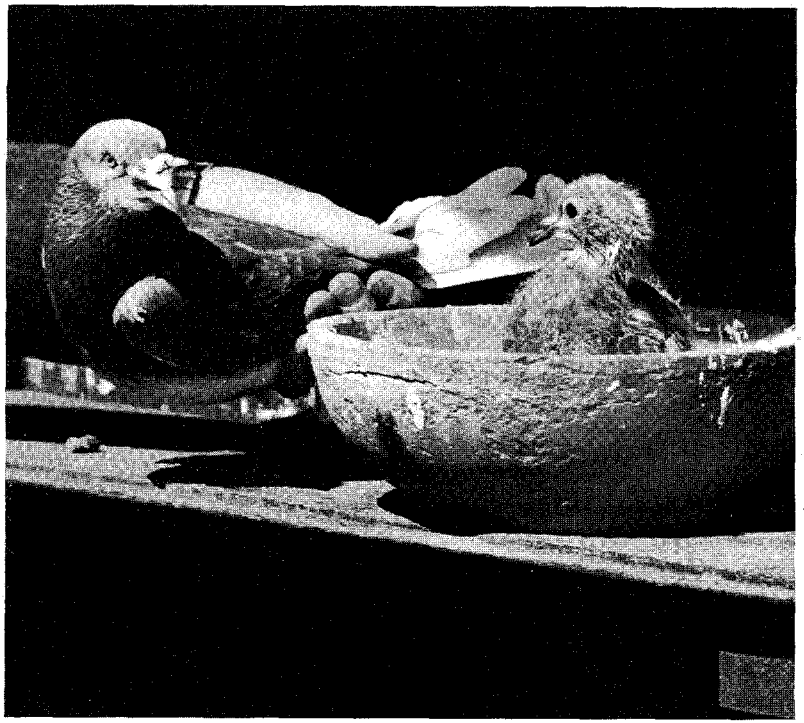

KAISER, CAPTURED WAR VETERAN, AND OFFSPRING

bird at Fort Monmouth that the Army never would sell. He is the Kaiser, twenty-one-year-old German captive taken in the St. Mihiel drive in 1918.

While the Kaiser is respected, he is not the most heroic bird ever in Fort Monmouth. That would be either Spike or Mocker, other World War veterans. Spike, who died in 1935, carried a total of 52 messages, more than any other bird in the American Army. Mocker, who died last year at the age of nineteen, carried important news to the French town of Beaumont, arriving with one eye blind and his head a welter of clotted blood.

The most famous bird of all is Cher Ami—R. P. 615. He died in 1918, arriving with one leg hanging by a ligament and his breast blown off, just in time to save one-third of the 600 doomed members of Major Whittlesey's Lost Battalion from annihilation by their own artillery. Cher Ami was decorated with fitting pomp in France. —KERMIT KAHN

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LANG, BROOKLYN

WESTELIN CHICAGO

HOMESTEAD

CORONET

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WESTELIN CHICAGO

BUILDERS

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BRASSAÏ

PARIS

GOOD USE . . .

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BRASSAÏ PARIS

. . . FOR GUNPOWDER

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BRASSAÏ, PARIS

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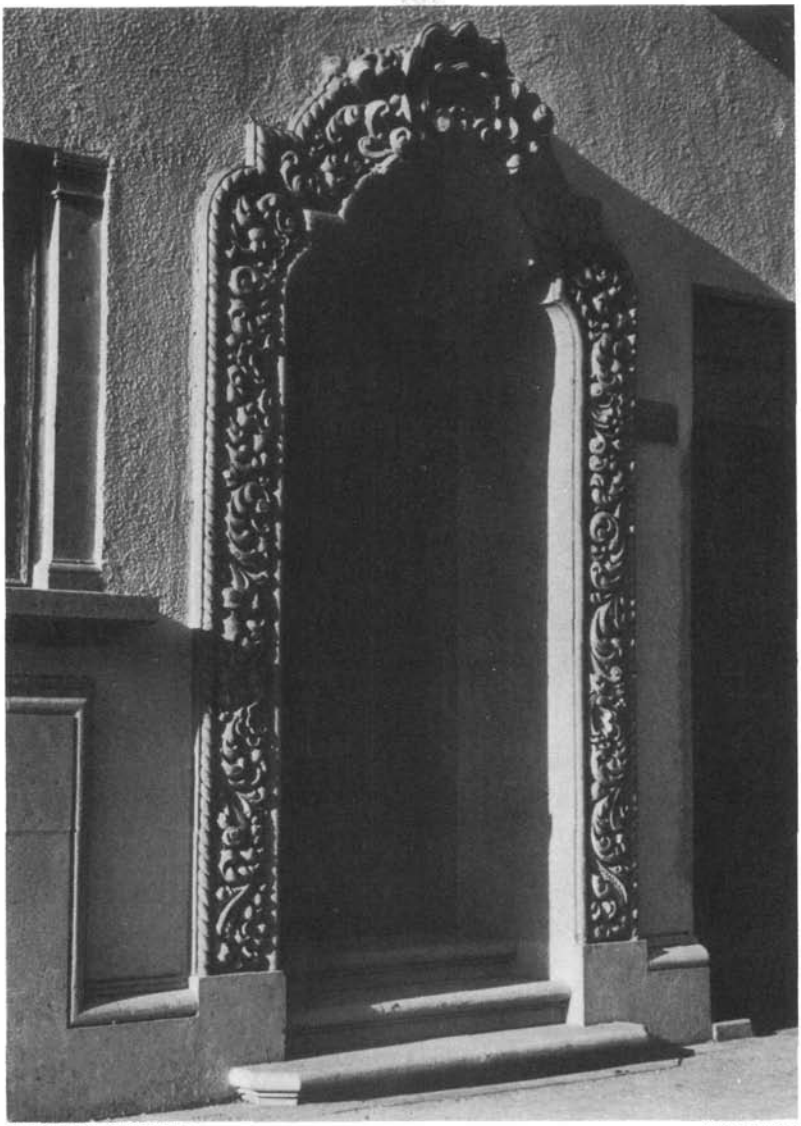

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

PORTAL

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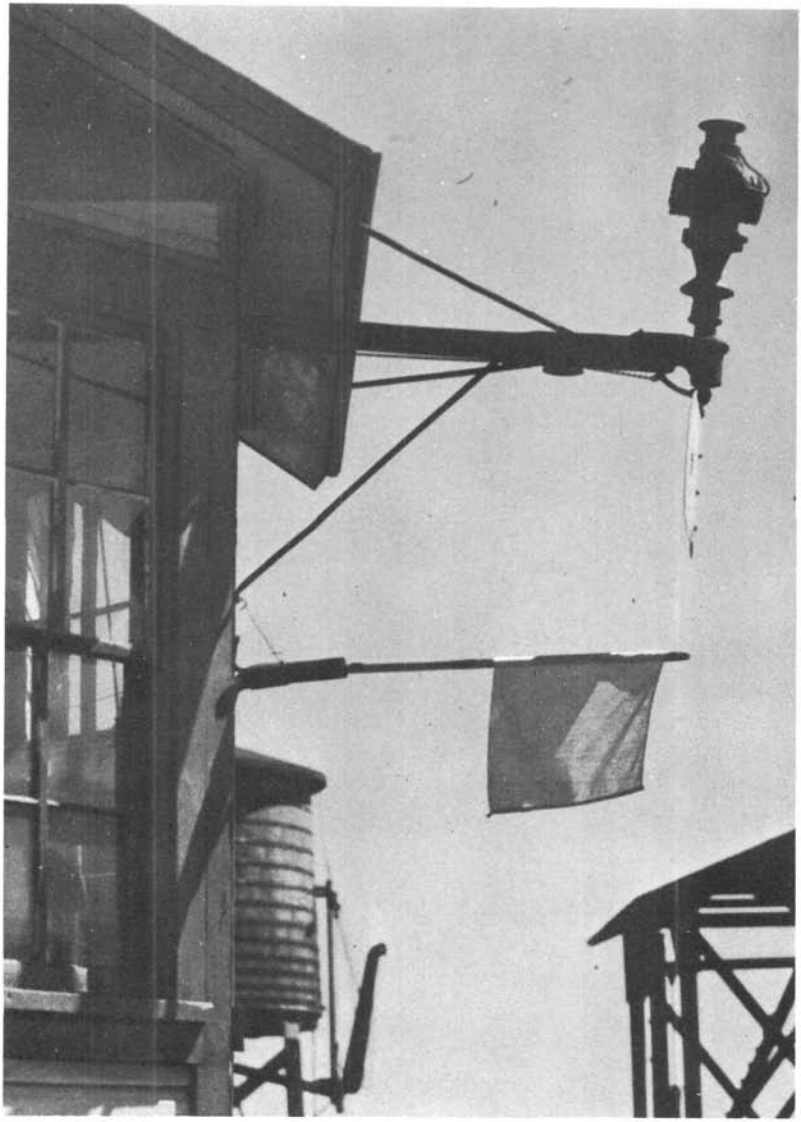

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

TANK TOWN

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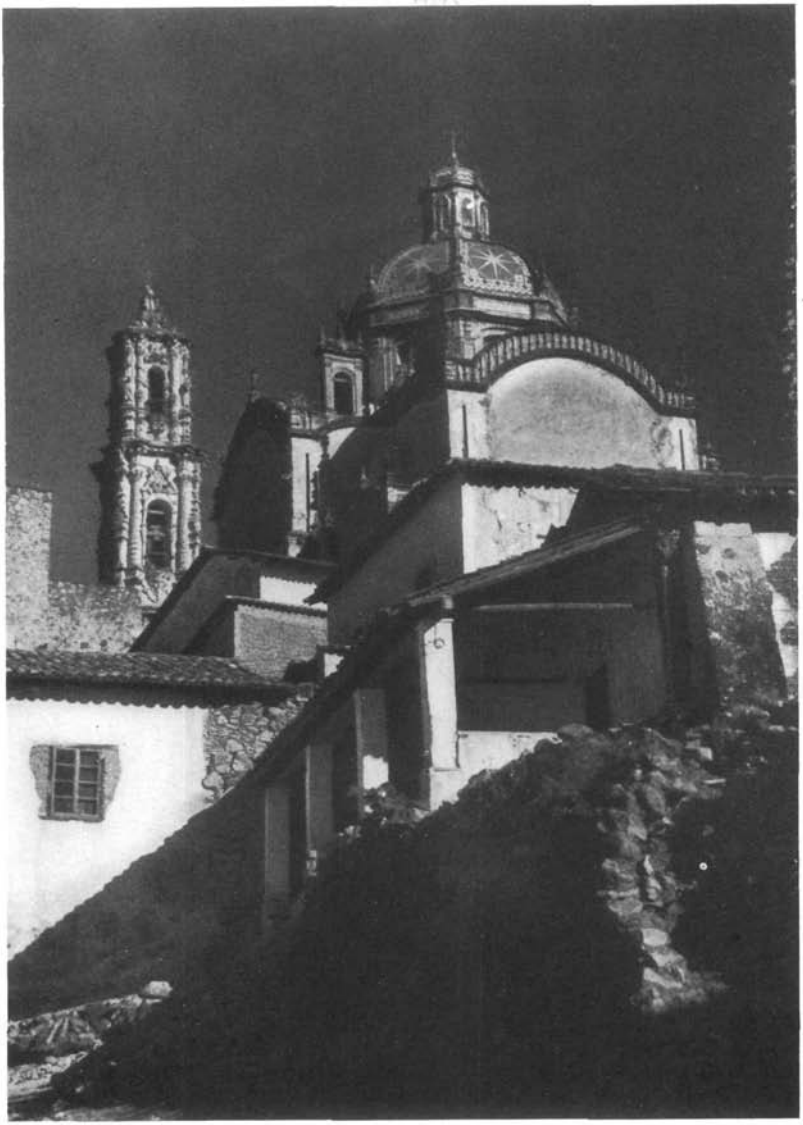

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

SANCTUARY

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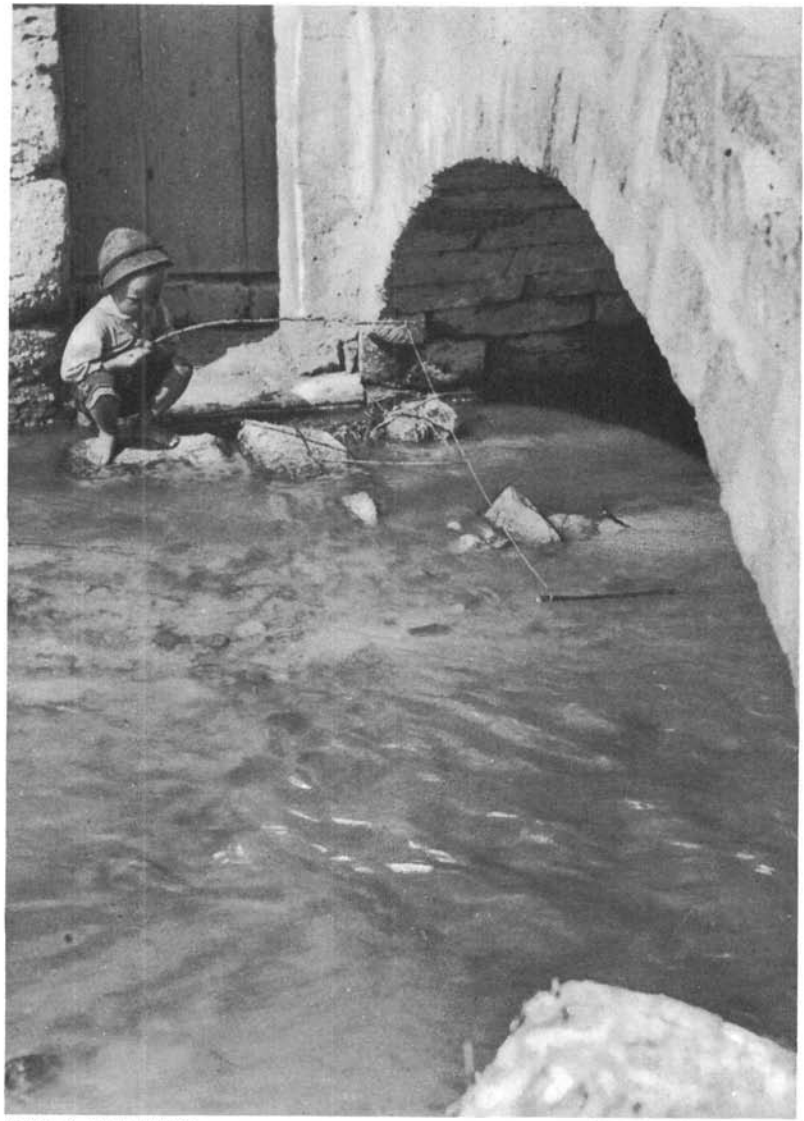

VADAS, BUDAPEST FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

TRUANT

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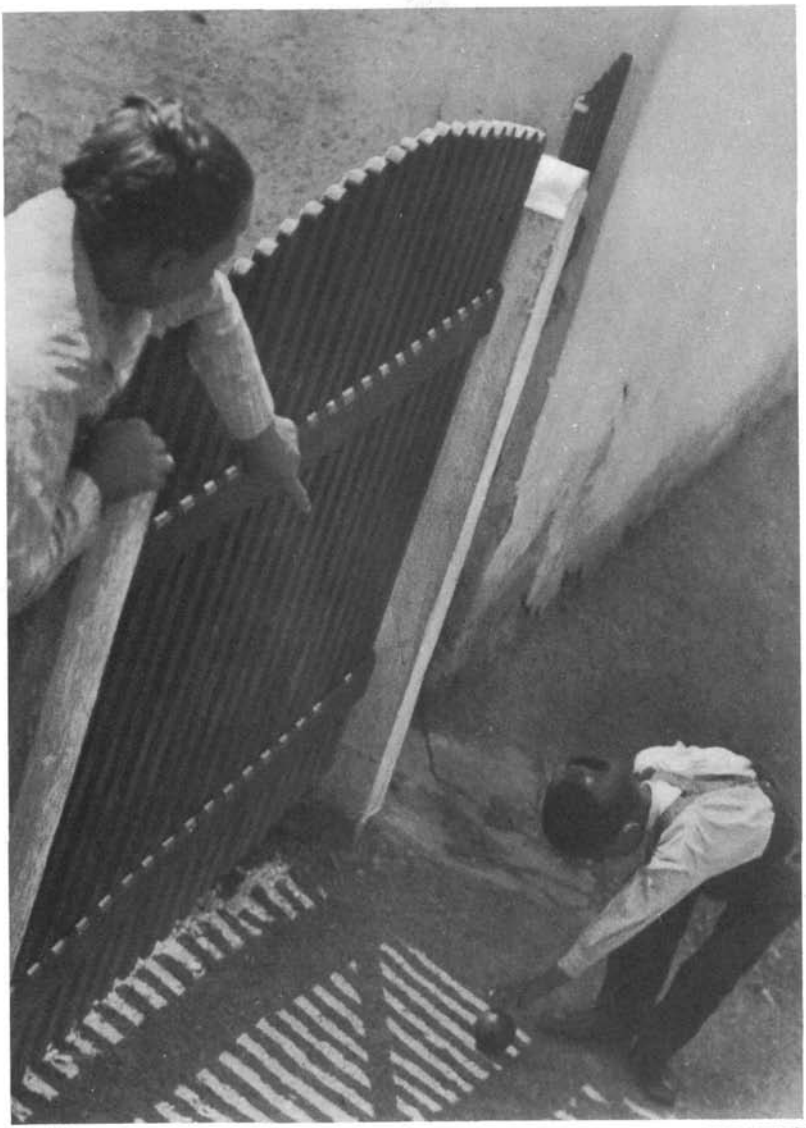

JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

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H. RÖTZER BUDAPEST

BLOODY MURDER

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

COALS TO NEWCASTLE

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MIKLÓS TOLNAI BUDAPEST

LONG TRAIL

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WHITING-FELLOWS NEW YORK

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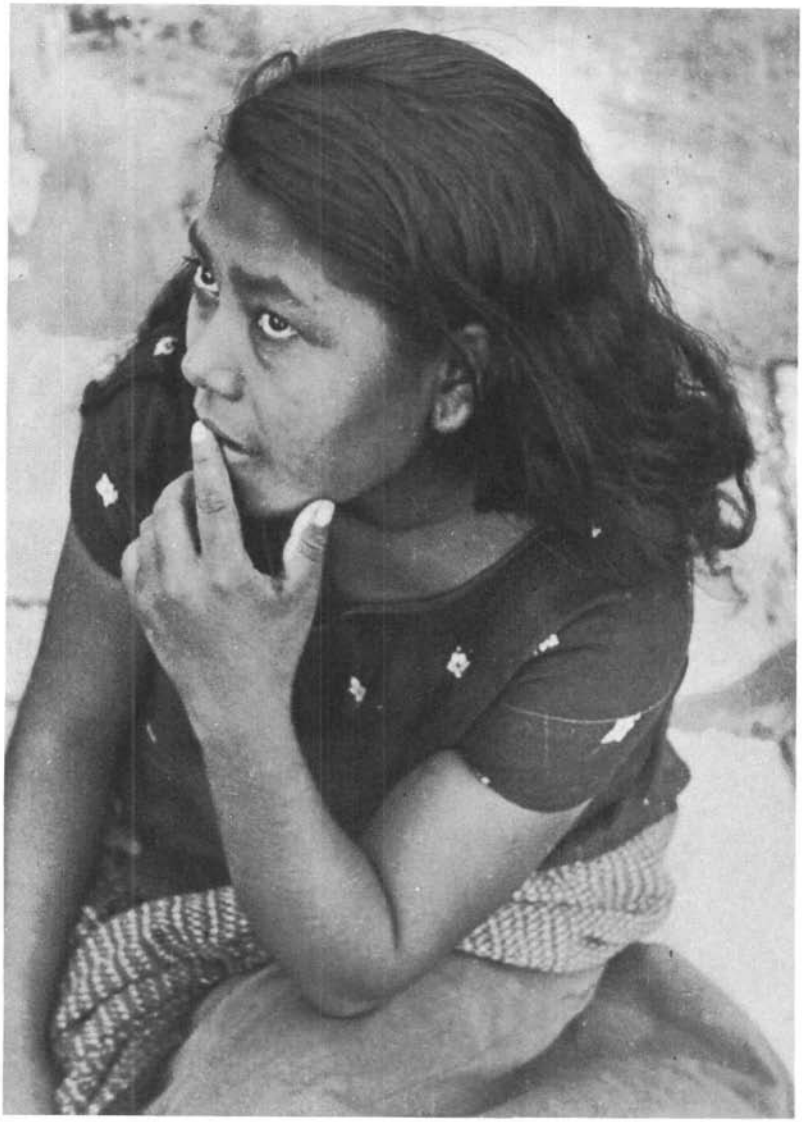

H. CARTIER PARIS

ABORIGINE

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WALTER A. HEINSEN CHICAGO

CHERUB

JULY, 1938

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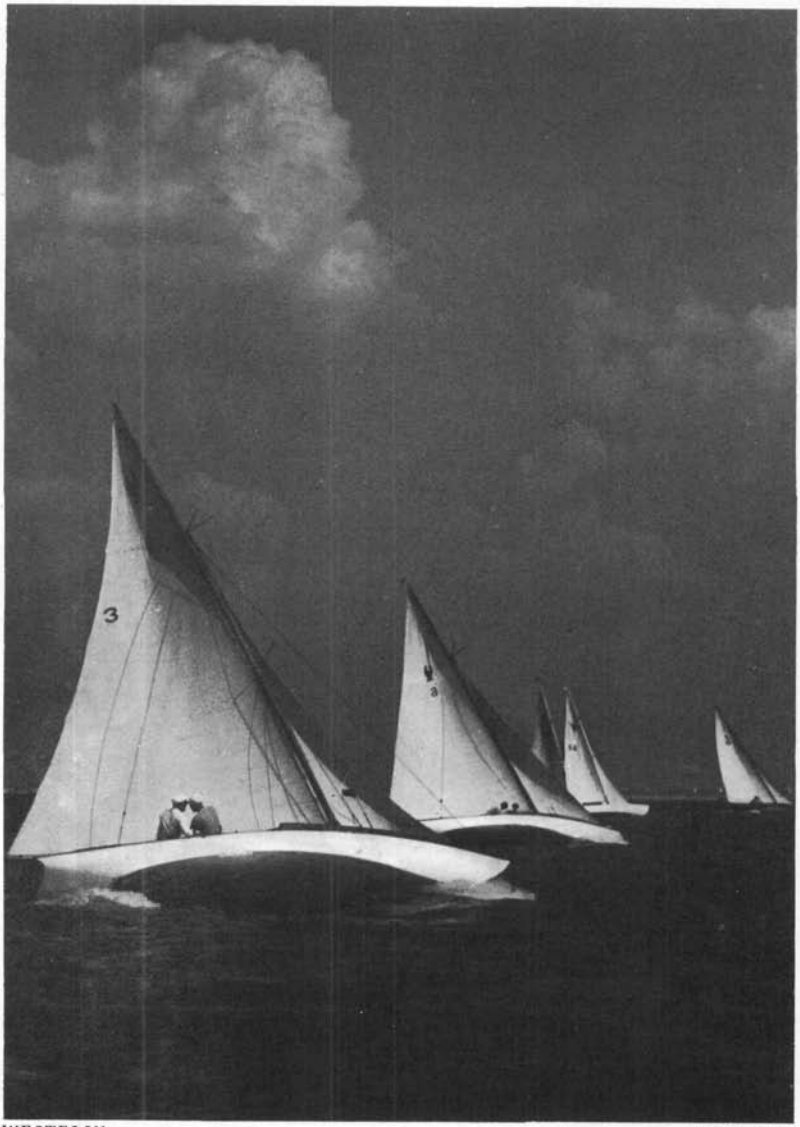

WESTELIN CHICAGO

RACING SAILS

CORONET

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PIERRE JAHAN PARIS

LITTORAL

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ZUCCA PARIS

NARCISSUS

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KLUGER, TEL AVIV

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ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ

NEW YORK

CONCENTRATION CAMP

JULY, 1938

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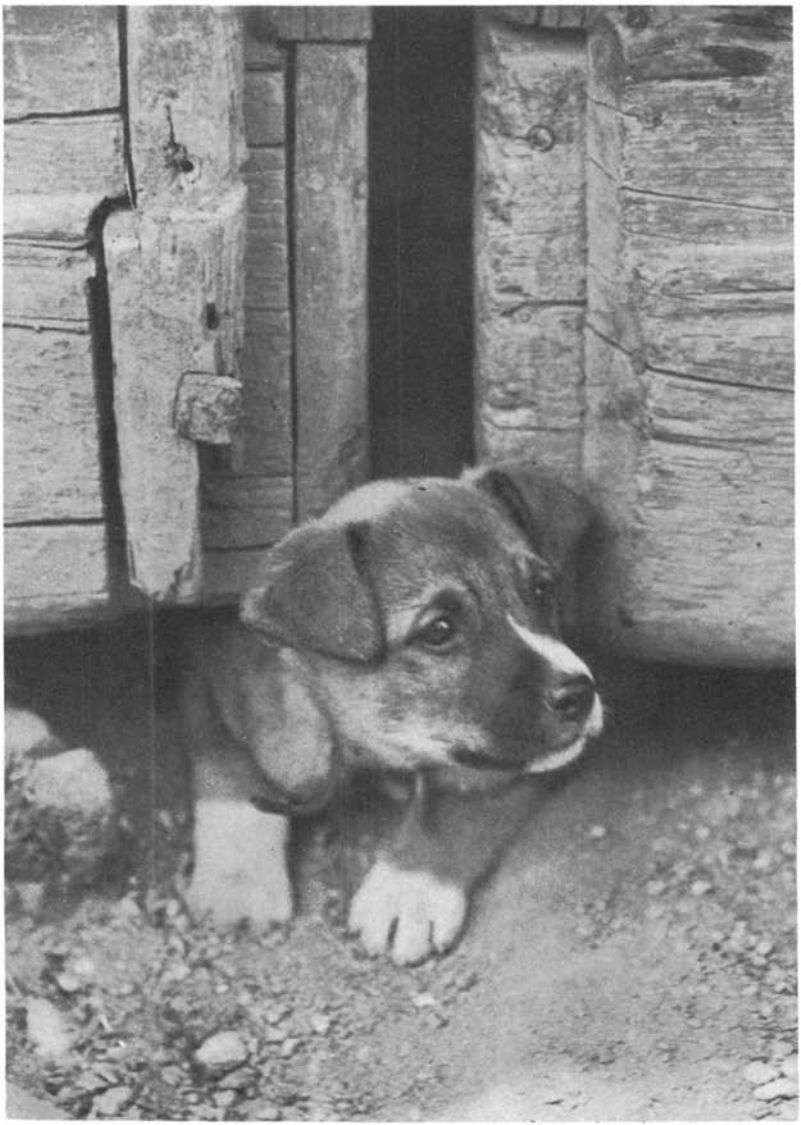

VADAS, BUDAPEST FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

LAIR

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JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

WHATEVER GOES UP . . .

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MARGOT LUBINSKI LONDON

HAY MAKERS

CORONET

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LOLA STONE EAST LANSING, MICH.

DISTILLATION

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

SUPPLIANT SHADOW

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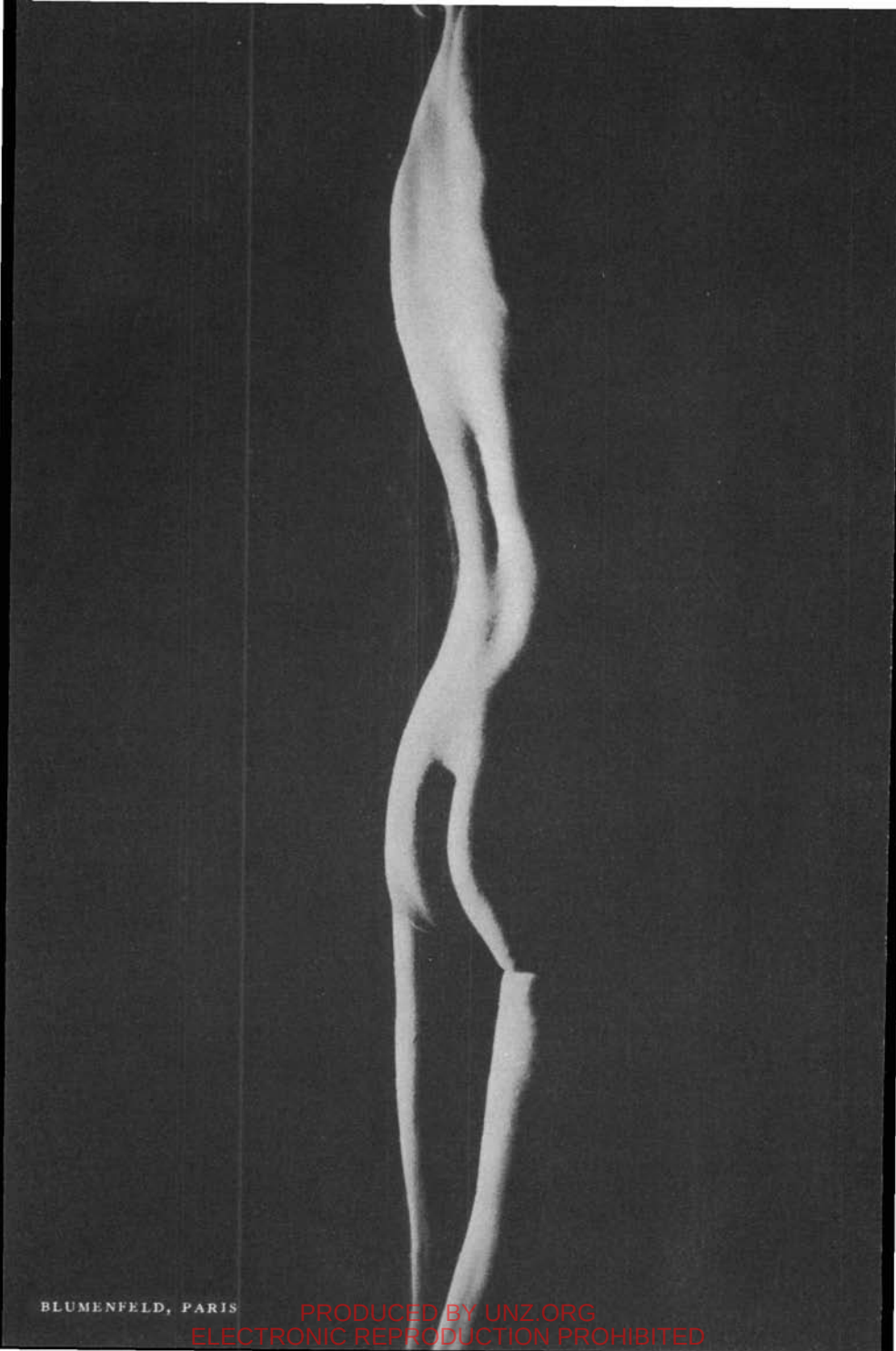

BLUMENFELD, PARIS

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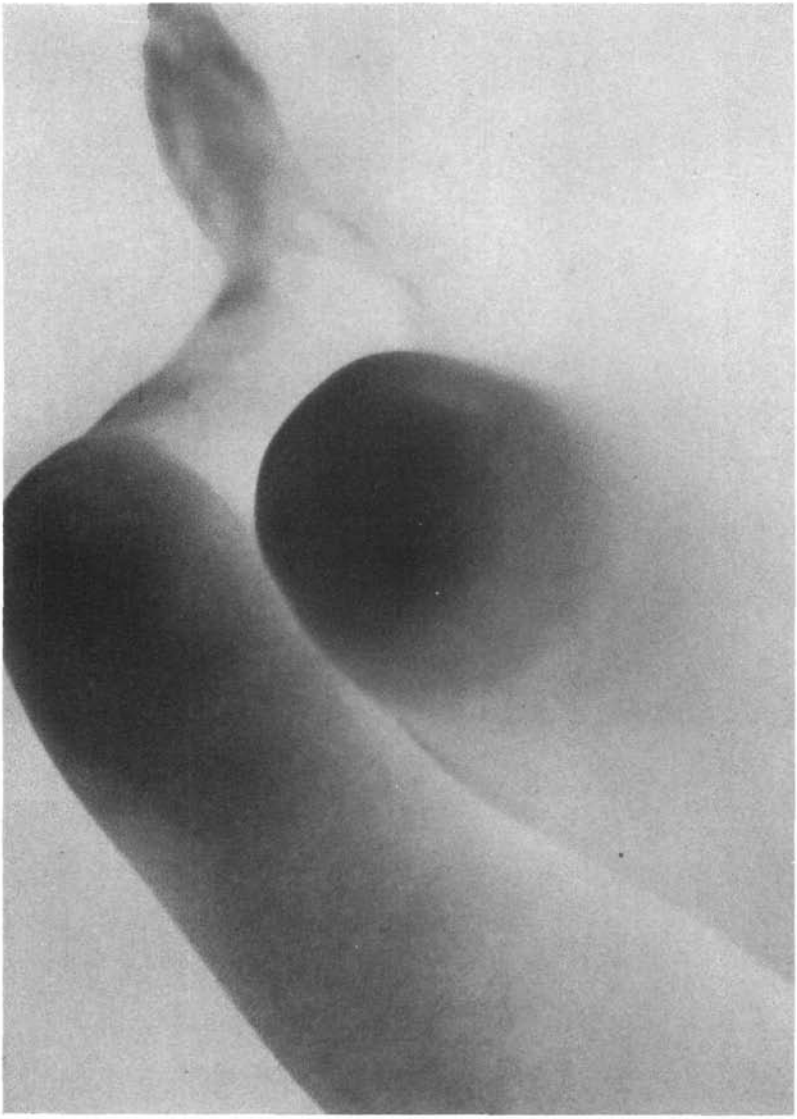

WHITING-FELLOWS NEW YORK

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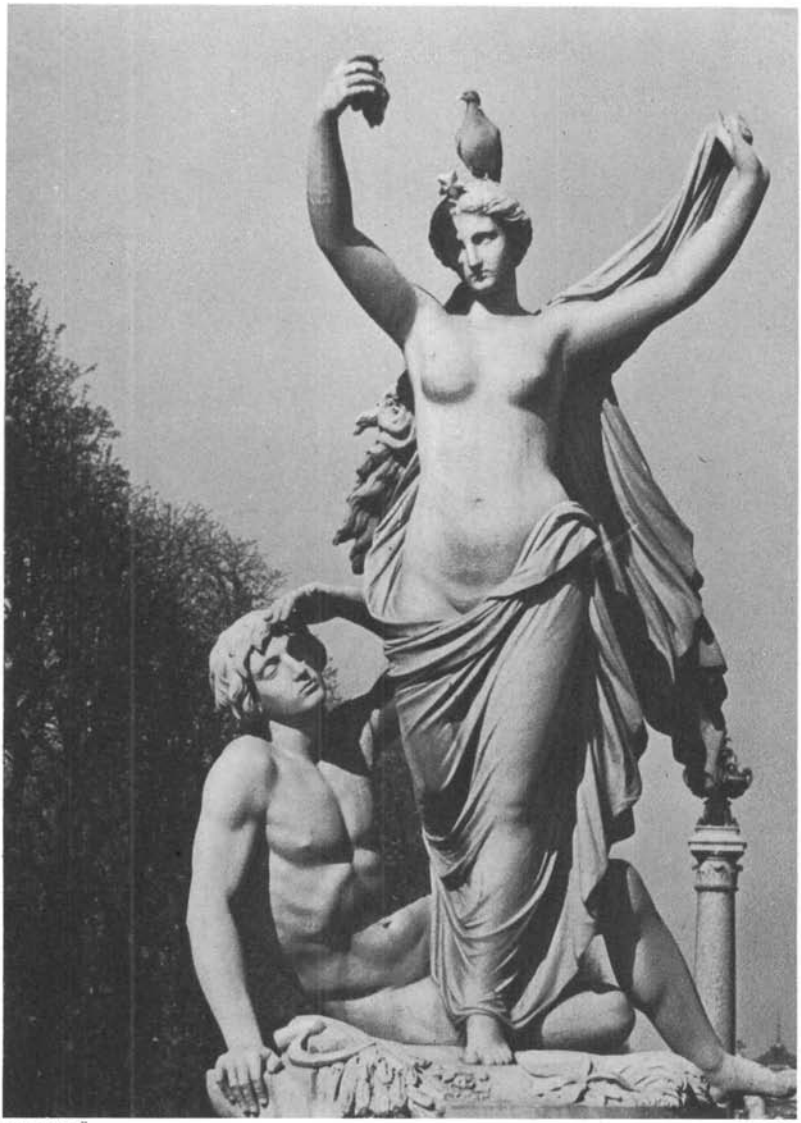

BRASSAÏ PARIS

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE

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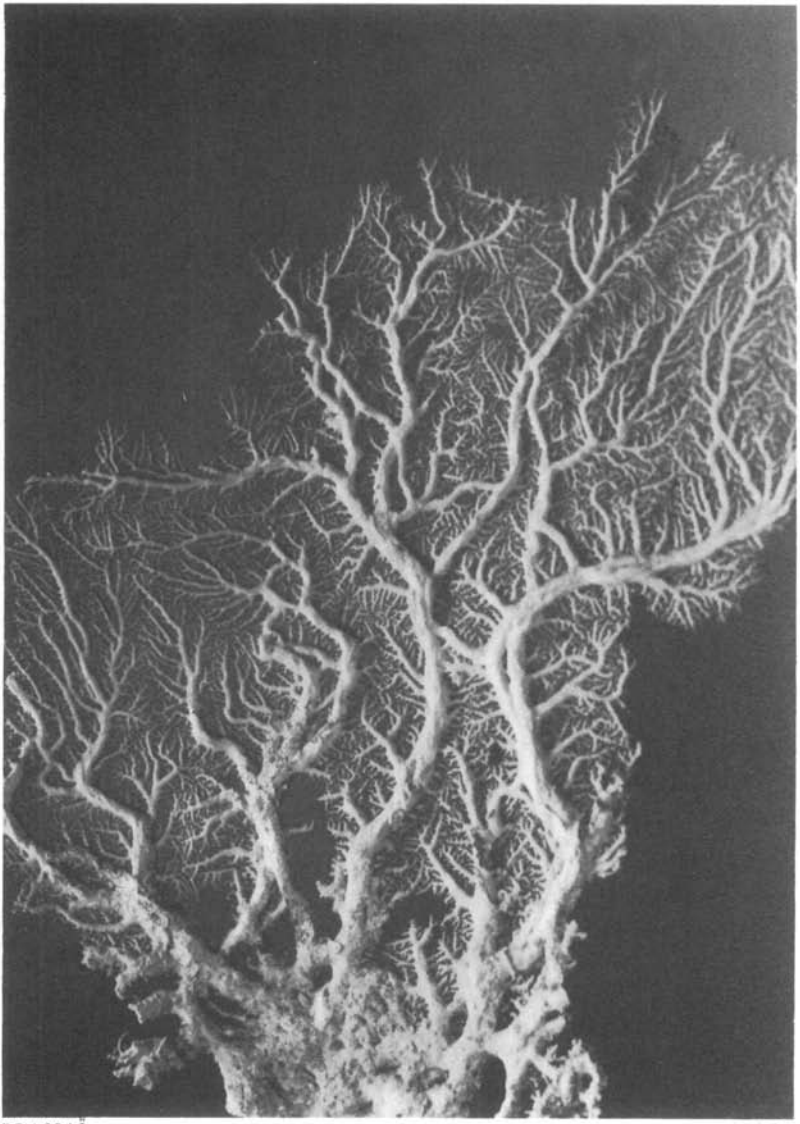

BRASSAÏ PARIS

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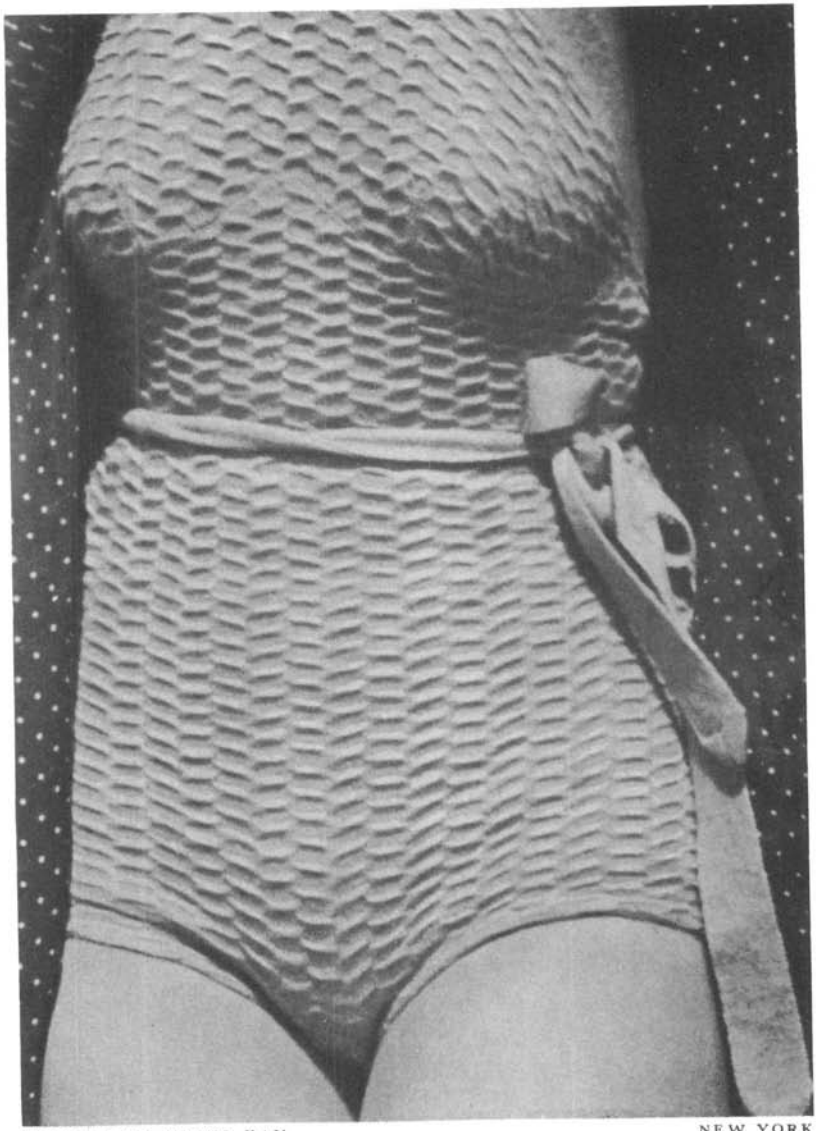

WILLIAM DE YOUNG KAY NEW YORK

RECLINING TORSO

CORONET

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NELL DORR NEW YORK

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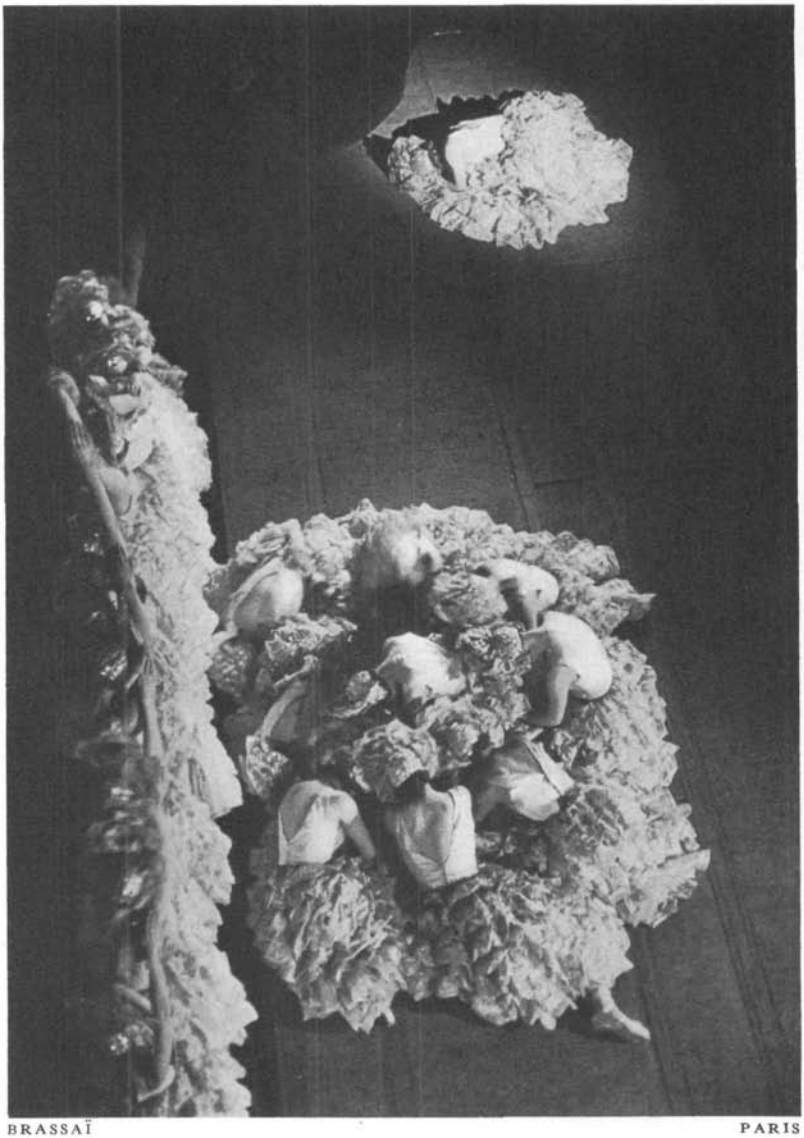

BRASSAÏ PARIS

FOLIES BERGÈRE

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

MOULIN ROUGE

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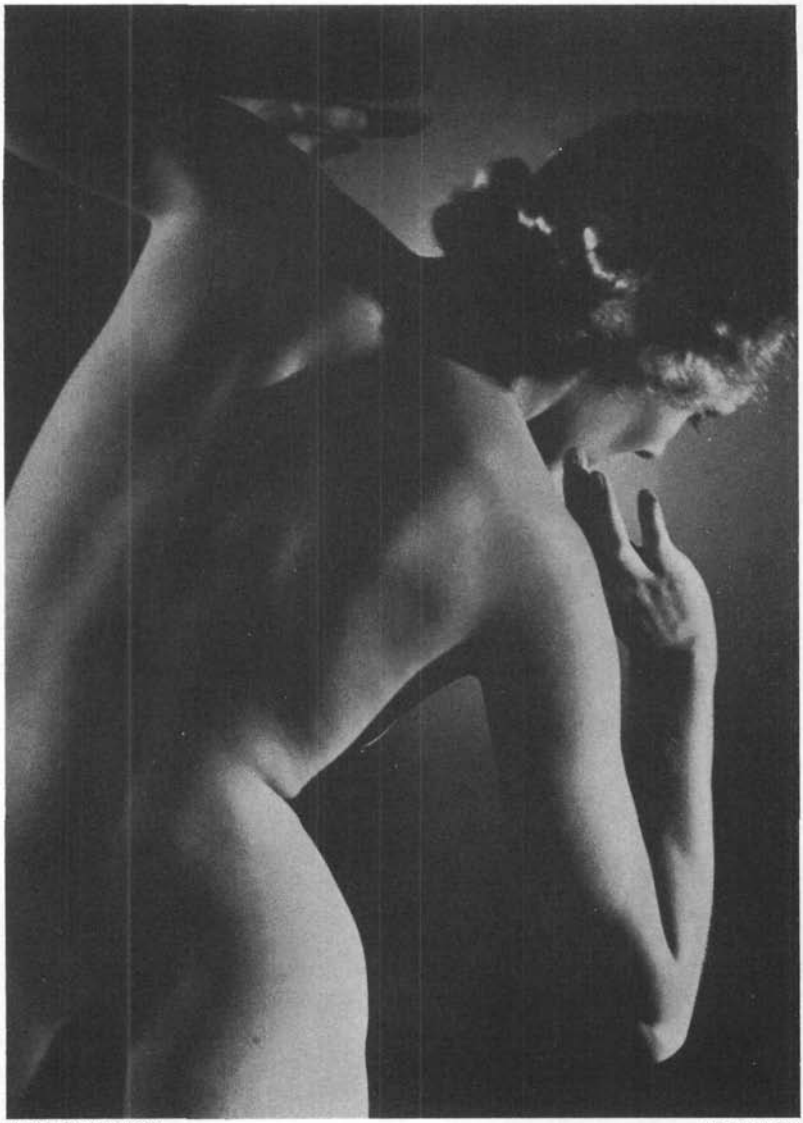

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

MARIONETTE

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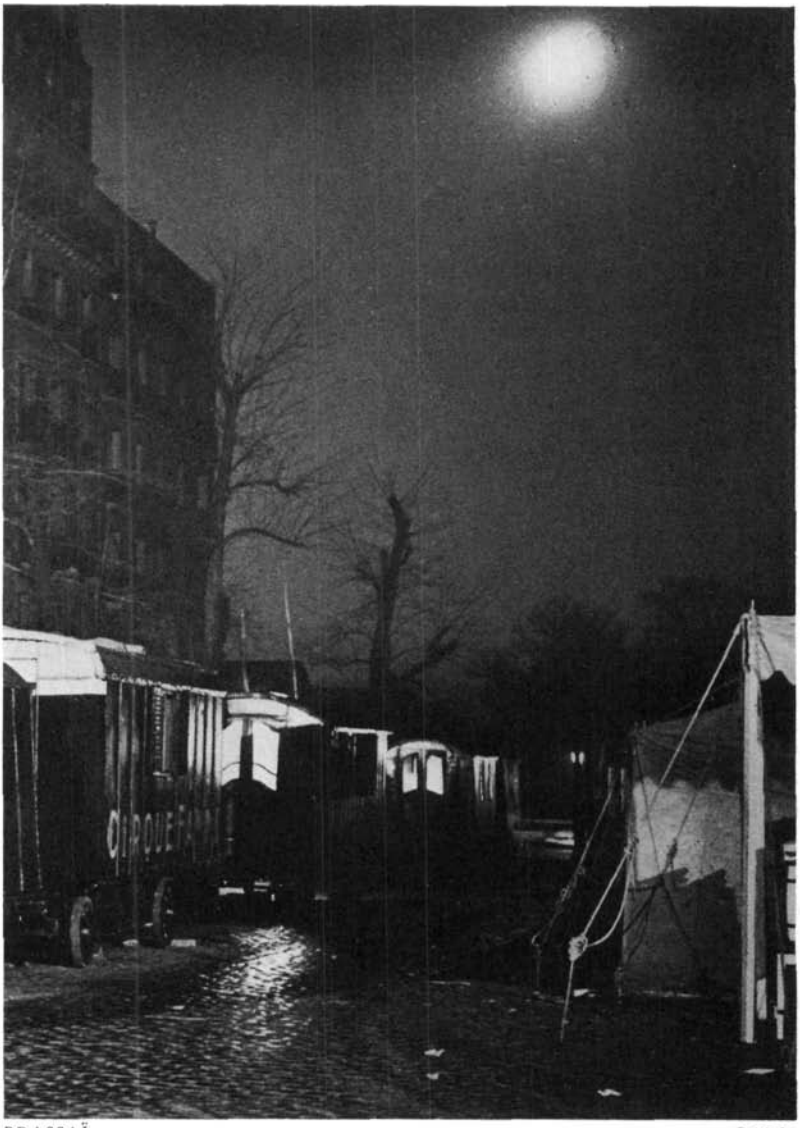
DORR, NEW YORK



BRASSAÏ PARIS

SELF-INVITED GUESTS

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ELI LOTAR PARIS

STROLLERS

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GAUTHEROT, PARIS
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BRASSAÏ PARIS

LONGCHAMPS

JULY, 1938

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NORA DUMAS PARIS

MILKMAID

CORONET

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

EQUESTRIAN

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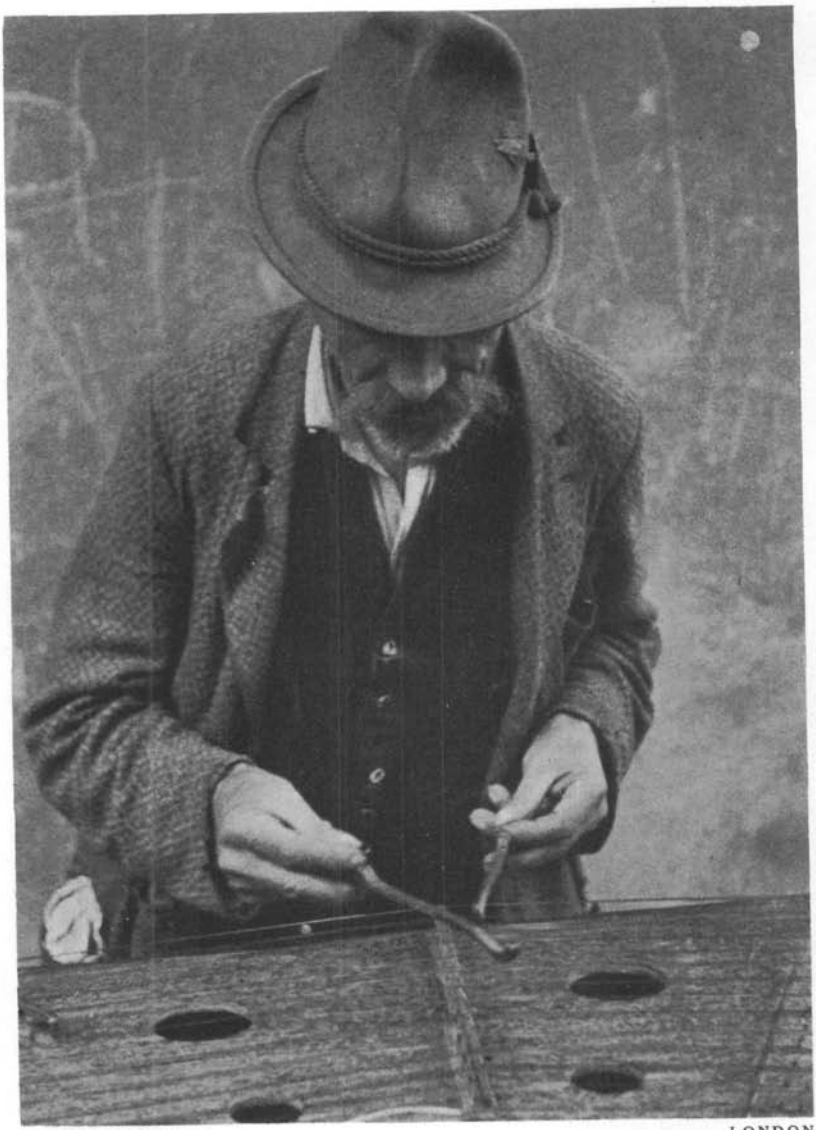

KURT LUBINSKI LONDON

RHYTHM

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MARCEL GAUTHEROT PARIS

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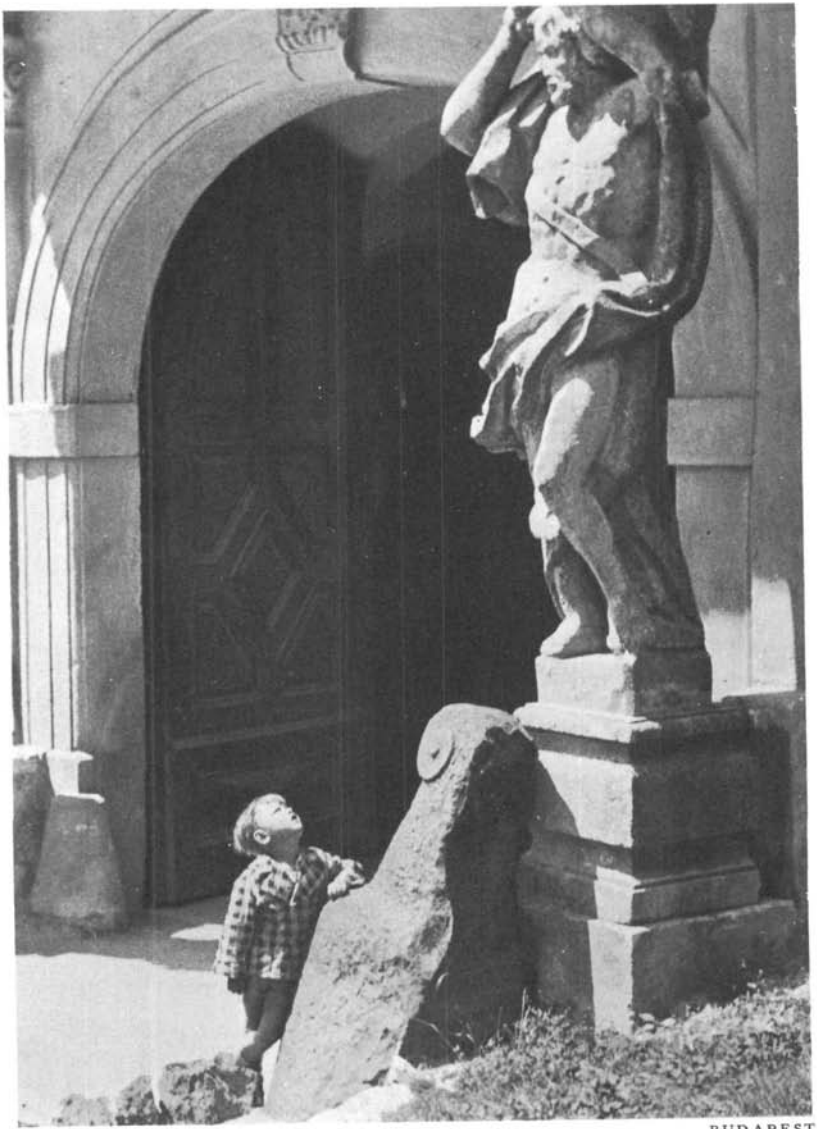

ERNÖ VADAS BUDAPEST

CONNOISSEUR

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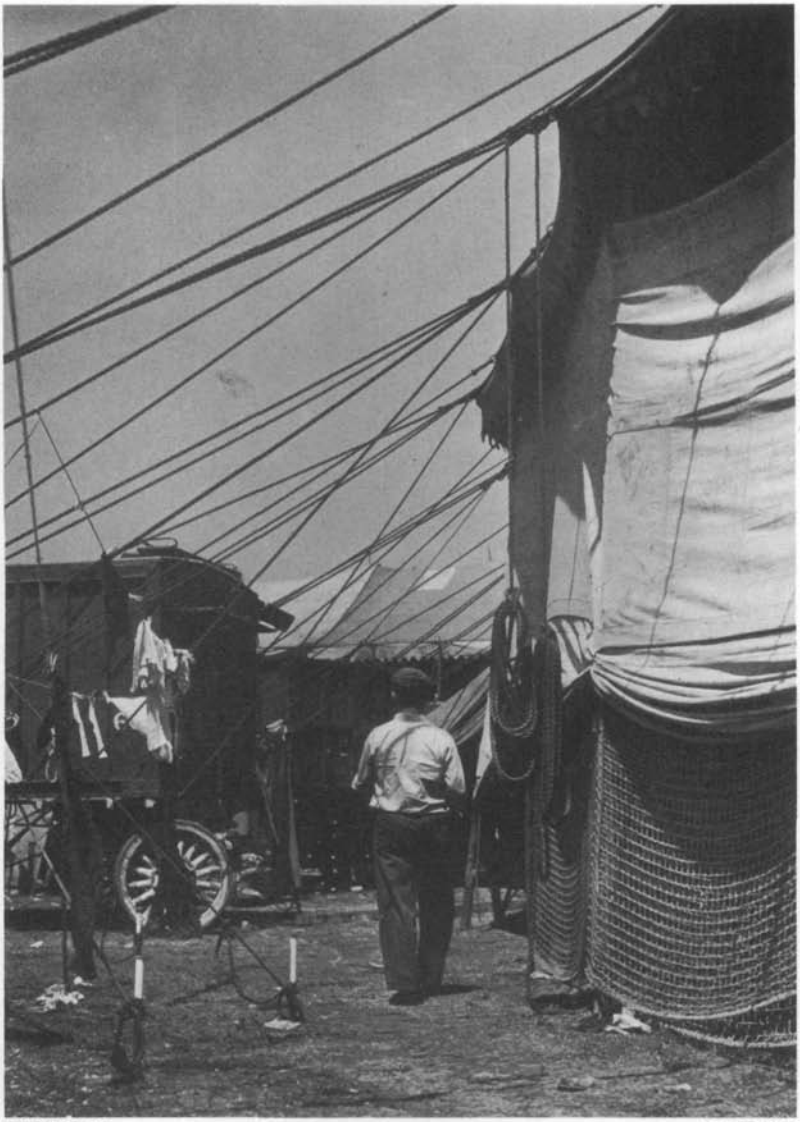

WESTELIN CHICAGO

BACKSTAGE

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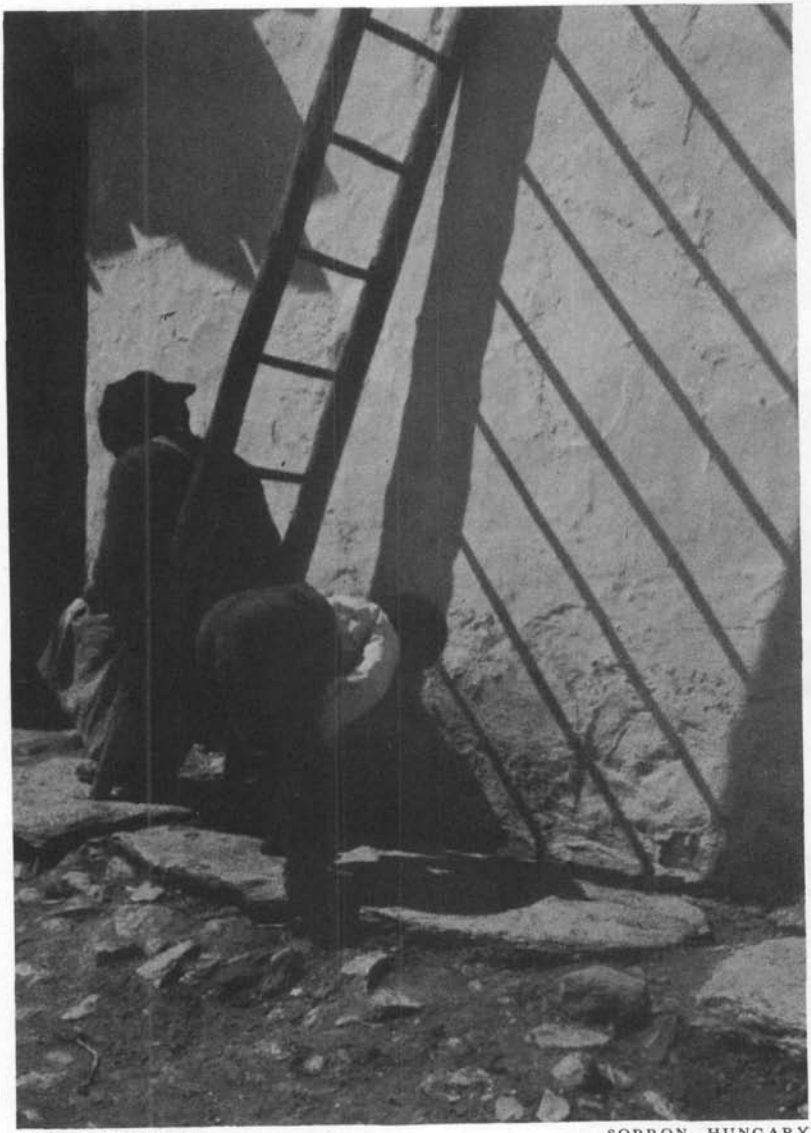

ANDOR ANGYALFI — SOPRON, HUNGARY

WANING SUN

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MADAME GEORGETTE

WHO FEELS THE SAME WAY ABOUT CAKE AS MARIE ANTOINETTE

In a machine age, Mme Georgette de Malvilain remains a craftsman, making "cakes for all occasions and individual tastes." Patrons of her firm, the House of Blanche, include the nobles of Europe and the economic royalty of America. All inauguration dinners of presidents since Theodore Roosevelt have been graced by Blanche pastries. Her standard price is $1.50 a pound. The bill for the wedding cake of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtis James was $2,000. Comparatively small was Ethel du Pont's and Franklin Roosevelt, Jr.'s. It weighed twenty-five pounds. Mme Georgette's mother first put electric lights and fresh flowers on a wedding cake. It revolutionized the industry and made cakes of Hymen the world over a combination of the genius of Mother Nature, Thomas A. Edison and the House of Blanche.

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MR. JOHN

WHOSE CUSTOM-TAILOR SKILL TAKES UP WHERE NATURE HAS LEFT OFF

To America's one million bald men, toupees are no laughing matter. Nor are they jokes to 250 toupee makers. Sears Roebuck sell mail order toupees for as little as $12, but fine custom-made jobs, such as those by John Salla, Jr., cost from $50 to $85. Salla, known to his trade as Mr. John, sells about 300 a year, mostly to men prodded into the purchase by their wives, or to men who must appear youthful for business reasons. Dance band musicians are good customers. All can say their hair is real, for it is human growth, obtained largely from convents and peasant countries, notably Russia. Hair in the raw costs $2 to $40 an ounce. Accidents, radium treatment of the skull or a glandular disease, *alopecia*, are greatest allies of wig-makers. Hollywood has greatly stimulated the toupee trade. Actors are known to wear them and demonstrate their value on the screen, literally serving as free mannequins.

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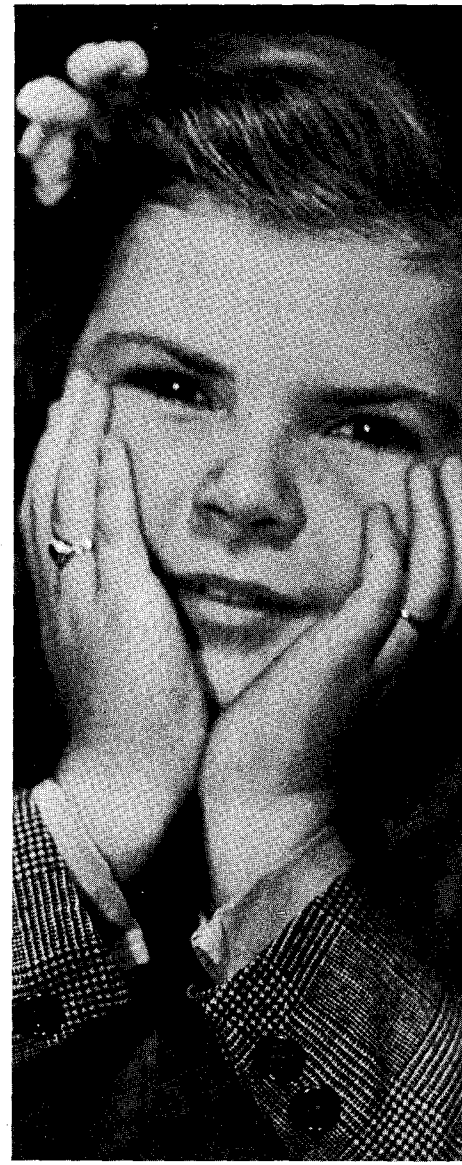
FLORENCE D. TAYLOR

WHO, AT THE AGE OF TEN, IS A VETERAN OF THE SHOW RING

ALTHOUGH she never has been taught any of the tricks of horsemanship, 10-year-old Florence Dorothea Taylor is the country's finest child rider. Astounded at her mastery, experts say she will be America's foremost equestrienne. She started riding when she was six, and in 1936 was the youngest ever to compete in the annual National Horse Show. In events up and down the East Coast she has won 100 trophies, 269 ribbons and $400 in cash prizes. Last summer she was thrown by Swing Time, her spirited bay gelding, and now she wears a protective steel helmet in practice. Florence's biggest thrill was meeting the President's mother. Mrs. Roosevelt invited her to lunch but Florence refused because it would have meant missing two competitions. She has been taking tests for a role in the screen version of *Black Beauty*, the famous horse classic, but she simply has not had time to read the book.



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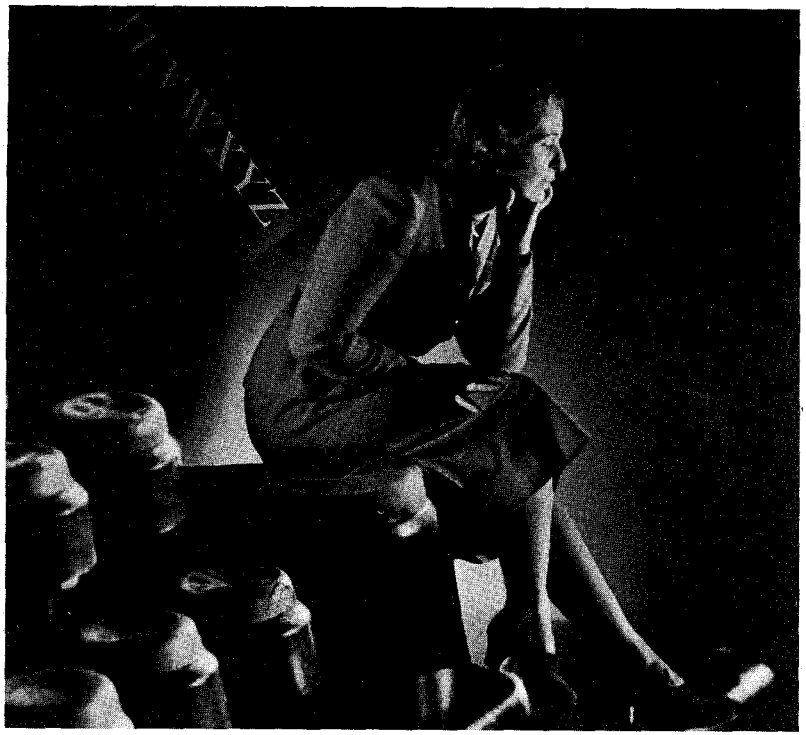

JUNE PROVINES

WHO KNEW IT WAS "NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT"—AND GOT IT

It's a high hurdle from society page to editorial for a newspaper reporter. But June Provines made it in one jump. Now writing the "Line O' Type" column in the *Chicago Tribune*, she reports colorful news events that otherwise would not find a place in the newspaper. Not so many years ago, Miss Provines began working on the old *Chicago Post*. Later she started a column called "This Gala World" for the *Daily News*, but was lured by the *Tribune* to do a similar pillar, "Front Views and Profiles." It was sandwiched between descriptions of balls and weddings. People liked it. Soon she was given the coveted job of filling the famous "Line O' Type" on the editorial page. Though busy, Miss Provines finds time to pamper her two wire-haired terriers and give teas in her attractive Lake Shore apartment.

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JOHN MULHOLLAND

WHO IS BOTH AN ACE EDITOR AND THE KING OF MAGICIANS

You cannot buy, beg or borrow a copy of *The Sphinx* magazine—nor can you subscribe unless you are a recognized magician. In *The Sphinx*, prestidigitators all over the world reveal their secrets to the 5,000 other subscribers. The editor is John Mulholland, the greatest American wizard and authority on magic. He has confounded such people as the Sultan of Sulu, performed in forty-two countries, matched skills with old masters in dark corners of the globe. His largest show was for 10,000 people; the smallest for one paralytic old man. After a recent performance in Hollywood, Robert Montgomery said Mulholland's was the most amazing *acting* exhibition he had seen—holding an audience enthralled two solid hours. Mulholland started to be a teacher, but deserted birch rod for magic wand.

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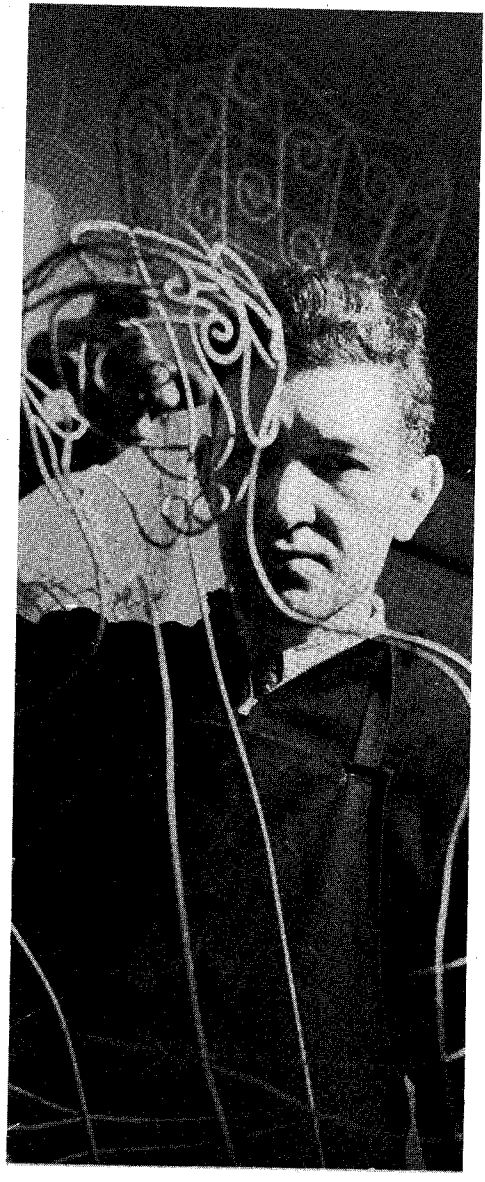

PHILIP HUNCIK

WHO IS A FANCY WIRE ARTIST WITH BOTH HIS FEET ON THE GROUND

THE unprepared passer-by, stepping into Philip Huncik's Wire Frame Shop, might be startled into thinking himself in a museum for spaghetti sculptures. The only place of its kind in the world, according to Huncik, he and assistants Krutosik and Belej use miles of wire every month, making everything from animals to department store window dummies, huge birdcages, mirror frames, terrace chairs, coffee tables and plant stands. Twenty-five years ago Huncik started life in America by making frames for lamp shades. Today creations from his shop in New York go all over the world. So well have people liked his pieces that he has been able to buy a farm in New Jersey. On Sundays he forgets the shape of things to come by tending chickens and orchards. There are four Huncik children, all of them ready to learn the business of twisting wire into gadgets that are both beautiful and useful.

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F. G. HARTSWICK

WHO IS ABLE TO FOOL MOST OF THE PEOPLE ALMOST ALL THE TIME

THE dean of puzzle makers, F. Gregory Hartswick last year concocted Old Gold's $200,000 contest which 10,000,000 people entered, temporarily jumping the cigarette's sales 70 per cent. Having done more than anyone else to popularize crossword puzzles, he continues to upset national equilibrium. He has originated 10,000 brain teasers and co-edits four crossword books yearly, now has finished the forty-fourth. Until recently he worked for Publisher's Service Corporation, thinking up contests to promote newspaper circulation. A Yale man and War veteran, in 1923 he joined the *New York Sunday World*, which published the first crossword to appear in a newspaper. Nobody knows whose idea it was, but puzzles of this type are traced to the pre-Christian era. In 1934 Hartswick published a novel, *The Winning Line*—the theme of which was contests. He says it was a worst seller.

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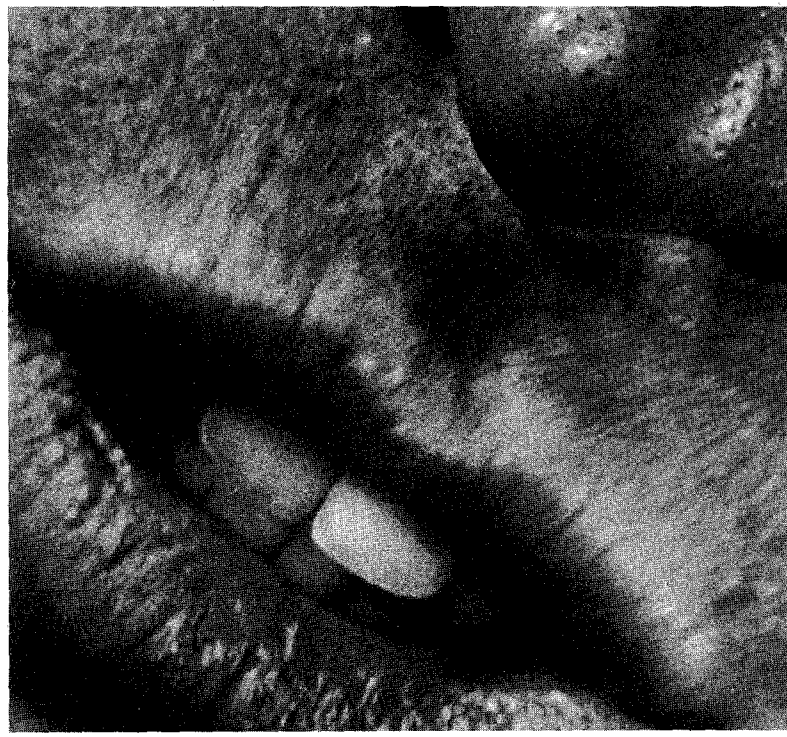

LEE RIGGS

WHOSE CHANTING LIPS YOU SEE IN THE ABOVE ACTION SHOT

THAT tobacco auctioneer's chant you hear on the radio is the voice of 28-year-old Lee Aubrey Riggs. While working as a tobacco auctioneer in North Carolina, where he earned around $1,000 a working week, he was picked up by a Lucky Strike agent. He gets about $600 a week for broadcasting. What he's really moaning are prices—interspersed with meaningless vocal tomtom—in the best tradition of tobacco trading. He always starts in the key of *A*, then drifts into others as the mood moves him. He can chant with either throat or lips and changes from one to the other to avoid tiring. He gets mail from folk who want to know what he is mumbling. Born on a tobacco plantation, Riggs naturally drawls. His wife, who listens to all his broadcasts, tells him when he isn't chanting up to par.

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CLUNY MUSEUM, PARIS

SIXTEENTH CENTURY WAX MEDALLIONS

Contemporary notables would scorn to have their likenesses perpetuated in so lowly an artistic medium as beeswax. But up to the 18th century the modeling of medallion portraits in wax was a vogue that swept Europe with such results as are seen on this and the following three pages. There was, and still is, much to be said for the medium, since wax can be modeled with facility, mixes with any dye and can readily be tinted. But it is simply no longer in fashion.

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PORTRAIT OF A LADY AS DIANA

It was an affectation of many who sat for their portraits in wax to pose as some allegorical or mythological character. This unknown lady, somewhat ridiculously, chose to personify Diana the Huntress. The above medallion is of German origin, the other three Italian. All date from the 16th century, a mere life span of four centuries. The longevity of wax is more eloquently attested by the figures of ancient Egyptian deities which may be seen today in many museums.

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PORTRAIT OF FRANCESCO DELLA ROVERE

Faithfully preserved in this medallion are the features of an archfoe of the powerful Medici family. Not to be confused with the Francesco della Rovere who, as Sixtus IV, was Pope from 1471 to 1484, this Francesco ascended to the dukedom of Urbino in 1508, only to be deposed on the trumped up charges of Leo X who wanted to make room for his kinsman, Lorenzo de' Medici. In his attempt to retake Urbino, Francesco was defeated only after a bitter series of battles.

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CLUNY MUSEUM, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

The Egyptians were not the only ancients to adopt wax for modeling purposes. The Greeks used it for children's dolls and votive statuettes, while patrician Roman families made much of wax masks of their ancestors. Wax figures have also been associated with the primitive superstition that a pin thrust into the image of an enemy would result in his death. Today, Madame Tussaud's wax-works is about all the current glory this once highly esteemed medium can boast.

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MANUEL

WHAT'S HOME WITHOUT A RACCOON OF YOUR OWN TO ENLIVEN THE DULL DOMESTIC SCENE?

IN THE course of time I had a letter from friends in New York introducing the Thompsons, man and wife, who were motoring to Acapulco from Mexico City. Acapulco being what it is, I telegraphed them that they were to stop with me rather than take a chance on the hotels, which were good enough, but they would be more comfortable under the ministrations of José and Consuelo, two young natives who together constituted my staff of domestic servants. The Thompsons arrived on schedule, spent three days bathing—Acapulco Beach can be compared only to Paradise Beach in the Bahamas for excellence—ate their quinine regularly and lay for hours on the rocks looking at the colored fish. But it wasn't exciting enough for more than a three-day stay, and they decided to motor back to Mexico City.

Thompson said, "Everyone around here is lying in a fine hammock made of that raffia stuff. Where can I get two?"

"They're made locally," I told him. "I paid two pesos fifty for this one."

"Good Lord," he said. "You'd pay over twenty-five dollars at Abercrombie & Fitch. Let's go after them."

"They're much more expensive in the stores," I told him. "They are cheapest in the market on market day."

It was the Thompsons' first, and last, visit to the market place of Acapulco. They were very much intrigued with the strange sights and sounds, and so I let them wander about through the thronged streets while I went to buy the hammocks. When I got back, I found Thompson the center of an admiring crowd. He had bought a raccoon. Mrs. Thompson did not look pleased, and as I came up I heard him say, very lamely, "It was awfully cheap."

I said, "Let's get out of this crowd. They're too interested for comfort."

Mrs. Thompson said, "Right. I wish to discuss this further."

On the veranda of my place, with a cool drink and no sign of the noisome crowd, she said, "If you think I am going to motor from here to Mexico City and take a train to New York with *that*, you are mistaken. I won't do it."

"Look," said Thompson, "he's a wonderful pet. I have always heard

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they are wonderful pets. He's my pal already."

The raccoon put his forepaws on Thompson's knee. "Up you come," said Thompson. The raccoon immediately seized Thompson's glasses (their forepaws are more like hands than paws) inspected them very carefully and thrust them with some force back into Thompson's nose and eyes. The physical pain must have been considerable. The crash of the glasses on the flagged veranda followed immediately.

"I must admit he's cute," said Mrs. Thompson. "You broke your other pair when you got hit with that flying cushion at the bull fight. It'll be bad enough getting a blind man to New York. Your pet is out." It sounded final. Thompson looked sadly at me with myopic eyes.

"Señor," said José, "there was Mexican to see you."

"What about?" I asked.

José pointed at the raccoon. "He wish you to know that he is name Manuel and that he is of *buen humor*." I took that to mean that he was playful.

"Well, Manuel," said Thompson, "I guess we will give you to our host as payment for a delightful three days."

"I'm not much on pets," I said, "but I'll take him temporarily."

José reappeared. I knew he would be within hearing, the better to listen to English, which he was determined to master.

"Take Manuel out to a pen somewhere." José immediately took the string from around the animal's neck.

"Don't do that," I said. "He'll get away and make a mess somewhere."

"Manuel will never make a mess," said José. "These are the most clean of all animals. He will not eat unless he can *wash* his food. If you know his name, he loves you."

I laughed and said "Manuel." The raccoon leaped into my lap in a gesture that was so charming, so full of confidence and devotion that I fell for him.

"Wonderful animal," said Thompson.

Mrs. Thompson said, "Thank God you've given him away."

★ ★ ★

The next morning I saw the Thompsons off in their car. We had forgotten the incident of Manuel. As I came into the house again, I received a distinct shock.

I had rented a furnished house, quite a pretentious place, the residence of a former Collector of the Port, slightly worn when I took it. The main door opened into a large hall. A massive stairway swung from the second floor in a wide, graceful curve. The bannister was of mahogany, a truly lovely piece of Mexican carved work.

As I opened the front door I heard a scampering overhead, saw a ball of grey fur fly into the air, catch the bannister in mid-flight and slide at terrific speed around the bend and into what was practically my face.

Manuel came to a perfect stop, ap-

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parently by exerting pressure on the railing, and rose to his hind legs. There could be no doubt that he had been very anxious about me and had been terribly nervous at not seeing me. He thrust out his two hands in the manner of a politician greeting a truly close friend. Funnily enough, the effects of my fright completely left me, and I took both Manuel's paws and shook them.

Consuelo appeared, flaming. When I had her a little quieted, I made out that José, or at any rate, some unmentionable, had deliberately destroyed everything in her kitchen. I told her to find José and bring him to me. They came back together.

"Where is Manuel?" asked José. I pointed out the somnolent creature.

"You see," said José to Consuelo.

It appeared that Manuel, feeling himself neglected in the excitement of the departing Thompsons, had raided the kitchen, overeaten himself dangerously, and had then moved along a kitchen shelf, pushing everything thereon off on the floor. Manuel, very sorry about it all, was contrite. There was evidence that he had been very clever in some of his depredations.

"I think he may be too clever," I said. "How much will all this cost?"

"*Una bagatela*," said Consuelo, looking at Manuel. When Consuelo breaks something, it is a trifle. When José breaks something, it is a *calamidad*. "Do you think he's hungry?" she asked.

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"Certainly not," I said, disgusted with the fact that Consuelo had undoubtedly fallen for Manuel.

That night when I was again reading in the living room, I heard a scratching, accompanied by a slight, almost noiseless patter. I recognized it as Manuel. He came in, halted a moment to greet the master of the house politely, then proceeded to my desk. Without hesitation, he climbed into the chair, hopped to the top. It was an exceptionally large flat-topped table desk, which I had tried to buy. It was the only desk I have ever seen that had ample accommodation for spreading out papers. I watched Manuel with some concern, because it was covered at the moment.

Manuel strolled back and forth, peering under every paper. I do not know what he was looking for, but I was charmed. His delicacy in putting a foot on one end of a paper before lifting the other end was heart gratifying to a person used to servants who had no hesitation in sweeping the entire contents into a drawer or basket. Manuel had the light touch of a perfect gentleman.

He sniffed at the inkwell, a massive affair of iron with a hinged top. I admit to a slight disturbance when he lifted the lid, but his manners had so far been more than perfect. He sat up, back to me, facing the inkwell. I saw him reach out first with his right paw, then with his left. Without dropping again to all fours, he swung around and looked me in the eye. Still eying me, he dropped both forepaws on the desk and thoroughly patpatted everything. Before I could recover from my amazement, Manuel was gone, leaving a trail of inked footprints.

I rushed to salvage what I could with blotters and inkwipers, calling for Consuelo. She came with cloths. When the job was done, and she returned to the kitchen with her inkstained hands full of inkstained cloths, I thought I heard her murmur, "*Diablo querido*. Nice little devil."

Next morning, when I made my regular visit to the kitchen, I noticed an entirely new set of glass containers on the kitchen shelf. Mexican cooks never dispose of anything, and require myriads of jars, one for four peas, another for a pepper, a bean and a half, or a piece of very tired cheese. I refrained from commenting, knowing I would get a bill (plus 100 per cent) for Manuel's depredations.

Days went by and I heard nothing. It was astonishing that my glass would have been replaced out of Consuelo's very meager earnings merely to prevent my complaining about the presence of Manuel. Even if José had helped with the purchase, it was terrific extravagance, for most Mexicans of their class are equipped with unglazed pottery. I finally decided that the fault was mine, and the cost was trifling to me, while it might mean a great deal to them.

"*Una bagatela*," said Consuelo. "José found them in the city dump

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and I washed them. Pretty, eh?"

I complimented her on her frugality and went away, mystified. It was obvious that José had not found them anywhere. The glass was in perfect condition, and even if it had found its way to the dump by mistake, José would have had to fight a bitter battle with the poor beggars who made their living picking things over.

Other things disturbed me, too. There were bangings and crashings about the house of which I heard nothing further. I got no unusual bills.

One day when I returned to the house, Manuel was taking studied bites out of the bannister rail, a bite on the right, then a bite on the left a little further up. He left via a flying leap when I shouted at him. José came to see what it was all about.

"In the morning," I told him, "get a file and some sandpaper or something and see what you can do."

"Señor," said José, very seriously, "Manuel had a very bad accidents yesterday. When sliding down the rail to greet some honored callers in his so nice way, he neglected to take proper precaution and went off the end to a very bad falling. Manuel would like to have his brakes work better."

"Oh," I said, swallowing a bitter remark about Manuel and where I wish he were.

★ ★ ★

Eventually my sojourn at Acapulco came to an end, as all pleasant things

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must. We had had Manuel two months and there wasn't an article in the house that he hadn't tried to wreck scientifically. Never malicious, he had a curiosity that could never be equaled by any other kind of animal, and I doubt, by even another raccoon.

He would uncork bottles with his tiny hands and dump the contents to see if there wasn't something nice in the bottom. He carefully scooped all the soap out of my wooden shaving bowl (irreplaceable at any price in Acapulco) to see what rare and beautiful gem I had buried there.

He stole anything and everything of an edible nature, and would then climb into the wash-hand-stand or the kitchen sink, whichever was available, and would turn on the faucet. With clean running water he would carefully wash his food before eating it.

He never mastered the art of turning a faucet off, and water was metered and very expensive. After filling himself to satiation, he would retire to the cool and pleasant depths of a bougainvillea vine that grew on a dead tree bole in the front garden. After a refreshing sleep, he would methodically pick the blossoms and inspect them carefully. It was bare in a week.

When I told Consuelo and José that I was leaving, they said the usual things in what I thought was a preoccupied way. It was not the hearty sadness that our pleasant association warranted. I had not long to wait for the answer.

After dinner they came to me.

"When you are gone," said José, "what will become of Manuel?"

"I had planned to give him to you," I told them.

"To *who?*"

"I don't understand."

"To Consuelo or to me?"

"I hadn't thought of that. I guess, to both of you."

"But we will return to our homes. We are long enough in Acapulco."

"Take him along."

"We live much apart."

It was a hot day and I was tired from the very prospect of packing and shipping my things.

"You'll have to work that out for yourselves." Then I was taken with a stroke of whimsy, for I said, "Pretend that he's your child and you're divorced. I, as judge, now decree that he is to spend half the time with one of you and half the time with the other."

José was quite shocked.

"Divorce," he said gravely, "is sinful. It is very wrong. It is against God. I do not wish to be divorced. Besides, I have never been married."

"Well, it's an idea," I said. "If you two get married, you can both have him."

They were married by the Padre in the presence of a distinguished company, which included myself and Manuel, who pulled the tassels off the altar cloth during the ceremony.

—Edward P. Borden

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FERARGIL GALLERIES, NEW YORK ETCHING BY WILL DYSON

"Alas, my son, we are powerless—the bankers have spoken."

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Stitch in time It might have been Li-Po but actually it was Plautus who said, "Nothing that is human is alien to me." It is a thought.

Plautus was a playwright. He felt that no holds should be barred on what went into his plays. And indeed, from an ideal point of view, the scope of the stage in any era should be limited only by the periphery of the larger theatre of life.

What should go into a magazine, then? Should the same rules—or absence of them—apply? Again, from an ideal point of view, the answer is yes. Due observance should be paid to that invisible line, the boundaries of good taste, but in general a self-imposed censorship is always morally worse than one which comes from some outside source.

This is not prefatory to a deluge of libidinous or otherwise objectionable features that are about to descend on you like a plague of locusts via the pages of Coronet. We'll keep it clean because we haven't the slightest desire to make it smutty or sensational. The character of Coronet was not established by accident, nor will it be destroyed by a whim.

Yet, obviously, sufficient scope should always be allowed for invading more and more provinces of thought. Coronet is a specialized magazine; it is not for the philistines. That is no reason, however, why it should specialize itself into a rut. If anything, you expect to find more variety in the existence of a man of full intellectual stature than in that of a man with a mental age of ten.

We anticipate that some people will object to the satirical cartoons that will be found in Coronet beginning with this issue. We can even prophesy how most of the objections will be phrased. They will read: "These cartoons are all right in themselves, but they are out of place in a magazine like Coronet."

We give warning in advance that this particular objection—there may be other, more legitimate objections—won't do as it stands. It's too easy and doesn't go far enough. Certainly, a lot of things would be out of place in Coronet. A cheap thriller story would be out of place because it wouldn't be worthy either of the magazine or its readers. It would be taking up the space of the magazine and the time of the readers without giving anything in return.

If, however, you can make a worth while comment on life in the space of a single page and in the interval of three seconds—then there has to be a more valid reason for not doing so than the simple statement that "it is out of place."

This all sounds very defensive. Admittedly, we are hollering before we are hit. But after all, isn't that really the only time when it is any use to holler?

* * *

The new issue of Coronet appears on the 25th of each month.

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CORONET

for

JULY

1938

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ARNOLD GINGRICH

EDITOR

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